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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

One of the pleasures of working at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is standing in a hallway in our offices and talking to Senior Writer Bob Creamer. The casual observer may think that Creamer and his rapt audience are merely holding up the walls, but in fact they are figuratively somewhere else, likely as not watching the 1955 Kentucky Derby on TV at the Red Rooster in Harlem with Willie Mays, Monte Irvin and this neophyte radio announcer named Cosell. (More on that in a moment.)

Creamer has another kind of story to tell in this week's issue, a profile of Milwaukee Shortstop Robin Yount beginning on page 34. Cheerfully dating himself, Creamer, 60, recalls that the first time he went to Milwaukee for SI was in July of 1955, two months before Yount was born.

P.G. Wodehouse, one of Creamer's favorite authors, had that nonstop talker, the Oldest Member, and we have Creamer, although his listeners succumb willingly. Actually, he is the Second Oldest Member of the staff, Art Director Harvey Grutheim 62 and having arrived at SI seven months before him. Creamer was our first baseball writer, but in 1959 he took up editing. This year he went from senior editor to senior writer, to the regret of those he edited and the delight of those who know his writing.

Creamer's love of baseball has led to several books, including, most notably, his classic biography of George Herman Ruth, *Babe: The Legend Comes to Life*. He is now finishing a bio of Casey Stengel, which is scheduled for publication in 1983 by Simon & Schuster, tentatively entitled *Stengel*. He and his wife, Margaret, at home in Tuckahoe, N.Y., have also produced five baseball

fans of their own (Tom, write home).

"Sometimes I think my interest in baseball is childish," Creamer says. "I'm still amazed when I stand behind a batting cage and see how well the players can hit. I love to watch a pickup game on a playground. This summer a local cable channel had on a softball

game between teams of 9-year-old girls, and I thought it was really marvelous."

Clearly, baseball is Creamer's passion, and shortstops are a passion within that passion—"The first I can remember is Frank Crosetti of the 1932 Yankees," he recalls. Since that time, Creamer has been impressed by Dick Bartell, Joe Cronin, Billy Jurges, Pee Wee Reese, Phil Rizzuto, Roy McMillan, Mark Belanger and Yount. "I never knew how good Yount was until I saw him

play in person," Creamer says. "After a few games, I realized he was among the best I'd ever seen. The funny thing is, the one shortstop he reminded me of was Daryl Spencer, who showed great promise but never really developed."

Creamer also has a fondness for such forgotten names as Jack Glasscock, Mickey Doolan and George McBride, although he would like to make it clear he knows them only through *The Baseball Encyclopedia*.

And then there's Creamer's own encyclopedic memory "...so we got a pool up on the Derby, and somebody asked Mays, who was deep in conversation with a beautiful woman, which horse he wanted, and he looked up and said, 'Oh, I'll take Swaps.'"



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Sports Illustrated

BOOKTALK

by ART HILL

A NUMBER OF WARM, LITERATE SALUTES FROM RED SMITH TO DEPARTED FRIENDS

If you're a sports fan of a certain age who loves good writing, you'll be hard put to find a book that will give you more pleasure than *To Absent Friends* from Red Smith (Atheneum, \$17.95). There's a problem with that endorsement, though. The words "of a certain age" imply that you have to be old enough to remember most of the people Smith wrote about. I meet that test, but I'm not at all sure you won't find his cast of characters delightful even if you've never heard of them. There were a few who were strangers to me, but I was happy to meet them.

To Absent Friends is—there's no getting around it—a collection of obituaries, in the guise of 179 newspaper columns assembled by Smith shortly before his

own death early this year. But they are not mournful. "Dying is no big deal," Smith once said. "The least of us will manage that. Living is the trick." And it's the lives, not the deaths, of his subjects that he chose to commemorate.

Not that these are capsule biographies. You'd have to look elsewhere to find out when Smith's subjects were born and whether they had happy lives. Smith's forte was the anecdote, the sharp vignette that reveals something about each.

In his foreword, Smith denied that he subscribed to the creed *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* "If I write that somebody was a great guy, that's how I found him," he said. And in truth that's how he found a surprising number of them. But even those who were never mistaken for models of virtue usually get a warm send-off. Take Jake Powell—a pretty fair outfielder with a very careless mouth. His problems peaked with a blatantly racist remark during a radio interview that attracted national attention. This, unfortunately, was how I remembered him. What I didn't know was what Jake had

done to try to atone for his sin. Red Smith knew, and when Powell died, that atonement was what Smith recalled.

In only one or two instances did Smith have trouble finding a good word to say about the deceased. Walter O'Malley was a tough case, and Avery Brundage nearly defeated Smith, but he managed to concede that, in spite of everything, "Avery wasn't an evil man."

As with any collection of short pieces, you probably won't want to read *To Absent Friends* straight through. Best to save it for that odd hour when you want to be thoroughly entertained without having the slightest demand on your social conscience. Still, I found myself picking up the book every time I got near it. Because the entries are short, you can open it anywhere and find something appealing. As a result, I'm not quite sure I've read all of them yet, but I intend to keep at it until I do. From Georgie (The Iceman) Woolf (1946) to Joe Louis (1981), there are no dull characters in this book. And even if there were, Red Smith didn't let them stay that way. **END**

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JUDGE BURCIAGA GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS WITH COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Forty-eight hours before his school's 23-17 win over Michigan Saturday night in South Bend (page 24), Notre Dame Athletic Director Gene Corngan received a phone call from Jim Spence, ABC's senior vice-president for sports. ABC was scheduled to telecast the game, paying the teams \$550,000 apiece under terms of its four-year contract with the NCAA, and Spence wanted to know if the deal was still on. "Yes, but the price is now \$10 million," said Corngan. Spence shot back, "How about \$5 million?"

They were joking, but the situation that inspired the mock renegotiation was no laughing matter to many people. The day before Corngan's conversation with Spence, U.S. District Judge Juan Burciaga had ruled in a suit in Oklahoma City brought by the University of Oklahoma and the University of Georgia that the NCAA's control of college football telecasts violated the Sherman Antitrust Act. Accordingly, Burciaga struck down the NCAA's four-year \$263.5 million deals with ABC and CBS and its \$17.5 million two-year pact with Turner Broadcast System.

Last weekend's TV football schedule, including the Notre Dame-Michigan game, came off as planned, while the NCAA sought a judicial stay of Burciaga's ruling pending a planned appeal. The NCAA argued that by allowing schools to chart their own TV destinies, the decision would result in a mad scramble for TV revenues that would make rich schools richer and drive their less glamorous rivals to gridiron extinction. The ruling, said Tom Hansen, the NCAA's TV program director, "could very easily cause the death of college football."

At issue in the suit was the NCAA's role as the bargaining agent for the 505 schools among its 780 members that play football. In that capacity it has sold games in package deals to the networks and parceled out the resulting income. By limiting the appearances of big powers and guaranteeing those of smaller schools, the NCAA sought to protect stadium attendance and maintain competitive balance. These share-the-wealth measures certainly didn't prevent a schism from developing between football haves and have-nots, but the NCAA could argue that its TV policies helped the game as a whole to flourish.

The antitrust suit grew out of a two-year struggle over TV rights between the NCAA and the 60 members of the College Football Association, an organization of the very powerhouses that benefited most from NCAA TV policies. Many CFA members appeared to be mollified when the NCAA gave them a stronger voice in TV policy earlier this year, but not Georgia and Oklahoma, whose suit distressed a

vast majority of NCAA members. But as one of the lawyers for the two schools, Andy Coates, argued, "Just because they're the majority doesn't mean they can confiscate property rights."

The go-ahead to combat what Coates called a "tyranny of the majority" was given, in Oklahoma's case, by the university's then president, William Banowsky, who testified during last summer's two-week trial that removal of NCAA controls would allow more teams to appear on local and national TV. Expressing faith that only good things could possibly happen in a marketplace in which schools would be free to bargain individually, Banowsky said, "A rising tide carries all ships."

Burciaga's verdict rivaled in import the suit, also brought on antitrust grounds, that enabled Al Davis to move the Raiders from Oakland to Los Angeles over the NFL's objections. Although the NCAA, unlike the NFL, is a nonprofit organization, Burciaga said in his strongly worded 98-page opinion that college football "is a business and it must behave in a businesslike manner." The NCAA had argued that members unhappy with its rules could always quit, but Burciaga said that the NCAA wasn't really a voluntary organization because schools interested in maintaining "major" athletic programs had no choice but to belong. Burciaga called the NCAA "a classic cartel" whose package deal with the networks amounted to price-fixing and whose limitations on appearances "seriously restricted free-market forces." Noting that the NCAA feels no need to exercise control over regular-season college basketball TV rights, which are sold by the conferences or individual schools, Burciaga held that the NCAA could easily adopt a hands-off policy in football, too.

The effect of Burciaga's ruling could be a free-for-all over air time and TV rights. What prevented turmoil from developing right away was the uncertainty caused, in part, by the NCAA's request for a stay. When Leonard Klopowsky, president of Metrosports, a TV packaging firm in Rockville, Md., that provides taped-delay coverage of Maryland games, approached Terrapin Athletic Director Dick Dull about the possibility of airing last Saturday's Maryland-West Virginia game live, Dull rejected the idea. Klopowsky said, out of fear that if the NCAA succeeded in overturning the decision, such a telecast might count against the Terps' NCAA allotment of appearances. What happens this week depends on whether and how soon the stay sought by the NCAA is granted. The NCAA's Hansen said that half a dozen or more schools were already angling to get on the air independently.

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There were also reports that NBC, until now a college football outsider, was interested in telecasting this week's Oklahoma-USC showdown.

Over the long haul, the court decision figured to produce a glut of televised football. Robert Wussler, head of WTBS, Ted Turner's Atlanta superstation, told SI Television Writer Bill Taaffe that if Bursaga's order is upheld, "you're going to go from three games on a Saturday to 15 in most areas." Wussler's figure includes local, regional and national telecasts both on cable and over-the-air stations, involving big and small schools.

The principal beneficiaries of this expanding market would likely be powerhouses like Notre Dame, Southern Cal and Penn State. Under the NCAA plan, schools were ordinarily limited to \$14 million in total annual TV revenues, a take that a conference member like USC was obliged to share with the other schools in its league; but the big-name colleges would presumably stand to collect several times that amount by selling virtually their entire schedules to TV—the choicest games nationally, others regionally. In Notre Dame's case, it's conceivable that the entire schedule could be packaged nationally, perhaps in combination with Irish basketball games. Following last week's court action, the CFA indicated that it may revive its efforts to arrange its own network deal, something Executive Director Chuck Neimas feels the organization is legally free to do because it, unlike the NCAA, would be acting as a nonexclusive agent, i.e. it would represent only those schools that want representation.

But a free market would also produce its share of losers. Traditionalists fear that Bursaga's decision could break up conferences because stronger schools, reluctant to share their newfound television riches with other members, would be tempted to go it alone. Another worry is that some schools might strike TV deals to play on Friday nights, which would put college and high school football on a collision course. But the biggest concern is that in a free market a relatively small number of superpowers would dominate exposure and revenues to the detriment of the smaller schools. Rejecting any parallel with basketball, critics of Bursaga's ruling argue that NCAA control of football is necessary because of the concentration of games on Saturdays. Football also has far bigger facilities

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Schools in densely populated markets, like San Diego State, even if they're unable to match the Oklahomas and Pitts in national appeal, could presumably negotiate contracts with local TV stations. But those in weaker TV markets, like Bowling Green, which under the NCAA plan generated \$300,000 for itself and other Mid-American Conference members by means of an occasional regional appearance, could be squeezed out of the picture. Even a Big Ten school like Michigan State could be blitzed in its own TV market by the far greater statewide appeal of Michigan.

Division II and III schools have even more to worry about. Bob Swisher, general sales manager of KTZO in San Francisco, says his station would bid aggressively for rights to Cal or Stanford games but adds, "We couldn't do it with San Francisco State or Hayward State." Besides missing out on TV revenues, those schools would stand to be hurt at the gate if Cal or Stanford games were routinely televised. With that sort of situation in mind, Arkansas Athletic Director Frank Broyles warns that loss of NCAA control could result in "an NFL of college football and nobody else playing."

Champions of deregulation and unbundled free enterprise might shrug off such dislocations as the sort of painful but healthy adjustments an open-market system is supposed to make. And, in fact, there may be a self-correcting mechanism that would keep a free TV football market from being as disastrous as Broyles fears. For example, USC Athletic Director Dick Perry, who could easily sell TV rights to his school's entire schedule, nevertheless says he would think twice about doing so. "Do you want all your games televised?" Perry asks. "Is it to your advantage to televise [home] games with Oregon and Oregon State—schools that normally don't draw very well?" In other words, the Trojans might stay off the air to protect their live gate. This in turn could open the way for Cal Fullerton, say, to get on TV on those dates. A spokesman at one SEC school suggests that even Alabama might have trouble carving out a sizable market for all 11 of its games. What kind of ratings could Bama possibly hope to get, he asks, for yet another 66-3 rout of Vanderbilt or 45-0 win over Kentucky?

To the extent that they are hurt by the loss of TV and ticket revenues, schools

could, instead of folding their tents, reduce expenses by cutting back on travel and curtailing or eliminating athletic scholarships, as Division II and III schools now do. In fact, a clear separation of college football into superpowers on one hand and schools that treat football as an integral part of campus life on the other is a change that some would-be reformers of intercollegiate sport advocate. Unfortunately, before they would think of deemphasizing football, many schools would no doubt take the less harsh, to them, step of eliminating non-revenue sports.

Michigan Athletic Director Don Canham, who opposes an open TV market even though his school would surely ben-



efit by it, mentions another way teams might seek to survive in such a Darwinian environment. "If we're getting \$4 million for TV, who's going to watch that I'm not cheating?" Canham asks. "What would an O.J. Simpson be worth if a \$4 or \$5 million pact was riding on who he's playing for? Darn right it would encourage cheating." As Canham divines, an intensified rush for TV dollars would almost certainly increase the professionalization of college football and further undermine, if that's possible, the notion that the game is played by ordinary Joe Colleges.

It might also crimp NCAA enforcement efforts under which, as things now stand, cheerers are barred from appearing on TV. Although Burciaga didn't address the issue, USC's Perry, whose school has been prohibited from appearing on live TV in 1983 and 1984, says, "I don't see how the NCAA can impose

those sanctions now that it doesn't have control over TV." The NCAA has other enforcement measures at its disposal, including restrictions on scholarships and the size of coaching staffs, but these aren't ordinarily as effective as the threat of banishment from television.

Canham, for one, vows to continue to honor the TV deals worked out by the NCAA and urges other schools to do the same. "If Oklahoma, Texas and Georgia don't want to, let them play a round robin," he says. Texas is another school that has vigorously claimed the right to control its own TV destiny. With many other college administrators echoing Canham's sentiments, it appears more than likely that the NCAA, if it loses its appeal, would ask Congress for an antitrust exemption that would allow it to sell TV rights as a package, the sort of exemption that pro sports leagues won in 1961.

Meanwhile, even Oklahoma, having proved its point in court, seemed suddenly wary of a completely free market. J.R. Morris, the school's interim president, was now calling instead for "reasonable regulatory practices" that would merely give schools "more control over their property rights." He added: "We have at all times maintained that the NCAA performs a regulatory function essential to intercollegiate athletics."

But there remained a chance that Oklahoma, Georgia and other like-minded institutions might one day have the tables turned on them. It's possible that athletes, asserting their property rights, might clamor for a bigger piece of the TV pie, too. A court in Indianapolis recently awarded an injured Indiana State football player workmen's compensation on the theory that, for purposes of football, he was an employee. As for the possibility that college athletes, who now receive relatively little compensation—often not even an education—for their efforts, might one day sue to win the right to draw salaries, Dave Carwood, the NCAA's public relations director, says, "In the present judicial climate, you can't tell what might happen." But Carwood shouldn't blame the judicial climate. However unwelcome Burciaga's decision may have been to many in college football, it should be emphasized that he isn't responsible for the fact that big-time, big-bucks college football has become more of a commercial than an educational enterprise. His ruling merely reflected that this was already the case.

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~~"I thought they fixed that."~~

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And Then The Clock Showed 00:00

So it was sudden death—for pro football fans, that is—as the NFL Players Association called a strike against the game's owners, beginning this week

by **ROBERT H. BOYLE**



At 4:30 Monday afternoon, Ed Garvey, the executive director of the NFLPA, and eight players, six of them from the union's executive committee, entered the Morgan Room on the second floor of Halloran House, a midtown Manhattan hotel. Garvey introduced the players to the assembled media and then turned the microphone over to the president of the union, Gene Upshaw of the Raiders.

"This announcement comes with no pleasure whatsoever," Upshaw began. "At the conclusion of tonight's game between the Giants and Green Bay, all NFL training facilities will be struck. There will be no practices, workouts, or training. No games will be played until management abandons its unlawful course and engages in good-faith bargaining and executes a fair and equitable agreement. We are prepared to withhold our services, however long it takes. We



When this meeting chaired by the bespectacled Garvey and Upshaw (striped shirt, opposite) broke up, the strike was on.

have a solid front. The first game it will affect will be Thursday (Sept. 23). . . ."

How long will the first regular-season strike in the league's 63 years last? If it isn't settled before Sunday, Sept. 26, it may well continue for a month. According to Upshaw, it will take the owners three weeks to feel the economic pinch. "We've said that we're prepared to stay out one day longer than they are," says Joseph A. (Chip) Yablonski, an NFLPA labor counsel and a union heavyweight in his own right; he led the reform of the United Mine Workers after his father, mother and sister were murdered in 1969.

According to Upshaw, 94% of the players agree with the union's position. But more is at stake than issues. Negotiations with the NFL Management Council, led by its executive director, Jack Donlan, began last February but, essen-

tially, went nowhere. Many union members blame Donlan, who gained a reputation as a tough negotiator when he worked for the now defunct National Airlines. "Shoot-from-the-hip Jack Donlan," says Yablonski. "I would think that the owners would now supplement their bargaining committee with new faces, but they may leave Donlan there because to remove him would be to admit a horrible mistake. Given Donlan's lack of credibility, there could be no handshake deal. Everything will have to be written out."

The players don't intend to set up picket lines, as they did in 1974 when they struck training camps and exhibition games. "I've told them it's like a strike in which 140,000 coal miners in 24 states never show up for work," says Yablonski.

continued

The key issues are:

1) Money. Last Friday, in the final negotiating session before the strike, the union withdrew its demand for a 55% share of the NFL's gross revenues, a demand that Upshaw once declared was "etched in stone." Donlan had flat out rejected a percentage of the gross, be it 55, 40 or 20%, because, he said, it would make the union partners with the owners. So the union asked the league to create a player's compensation fund of \$1.6 billion over the next four years, the money comprised of 50% of TV revenues during that period plus other funds. Why did the union change its stance? Pure p.r. As Garvey said, "To all the arguments that a percentage of the gross would make us partners with the owners, we say nonsense. But we thought it wise to shift to the TV revenues, which in essence follows the same idea. It's been a tough sell for most people, the public, that the players should get 55 percent of the gross, but a 50-50 split of the TV revenues seems fair."

In short, the union wants \$1.6 billion over four years. On this issue, the two sides don't seem far apart. Donlan says the NFL will give the players the \$1.6 billion but over five years. "That's an average of one million dollars a player during the life of the contract," he said. In words that may well memorialize the strike, Garvey retorted, "I am convinced they're offering \$1.6 billion about as much as I'm convinced there's a tooth fairy."

2) How the money should be paid. The NFL has offered to pay each player \$10,000 for each year since 1977, any player with six or more years in the NFL would get \$60,000 in credited service pay, plus another \$10,000 when a contract is signed with the union. As far as salaries go, the league prefers the old system, with each team deciding who gets how much. The NFL says that if the teams haven't paid out the \$1.6 billion in five years, it will give the remainder to the players to whack up among themselves. The union says no dice. It insists on a wage scale with incentives and performance bonuses. Is this etched in stone? "Absolutely," vows Garvey.

Here's how the union plan would work. Instead of a player negotiating his own contract, he would be paid a set salary based on his years in the NFL. For instance, all players would get the same annual base wage of \$127,000 in their third season. Above scale earnings would begin to vary. Also, any player who had



To Garvey the issue is as simple as A.B.C.

made the Pro Bowl would get an extra \$6,000 for each time he had played in that game. For example, Pittsburgh Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert, who had spoken out against the union until he at-

tended its Albuquerque convention in March, when this plan was fine-tuned, would get \$42,000 tacked onto his base pay because he's played in seven Pro Bowls. Starting this year, a player would have \$11,000 added to his base for each future Pro Bowl selection.

Then there are incentive and performance bonuses. Players who start and play every offensive or defensive or special teams down would get an extra \$1,750 for each game. Those who play less would earn less, proportionately. The players also would select the 272 top performers for a season based on position, such as the 10 outstanding centers, the 20 best offensive tackles, the 32 best linebackers, the 10 top kickers. Each of the 272 picked would earn an extra \$20,625. There would be team performance bonuses calculated on stats in such categories as total rushing yardage, number of sacks per passing attempt, fewest yards penalized, most field goals blocked and so on. The units that rank 1 to 5 in 11 different categories would get \$186,000 to divide among the players "in proportion to downs played with that unit or team."

'We're Human Beings. We Want To Be Heard'

Now 37, Gene Upshaw is in his second two-year term as president of the National Football League Players Association, and his 16th season with the Oakland/Los Angeles Raiders. In his salad days Upshaw was an All-Pro offensive guard nine times, and although he lost his starting job last year and has been sidelined this season with a shoulder injury, he remains the team captain, an honor he has held 12 straight years.

When not busy with the Raiders or the union, Upshaw is involved with multitudinous causes in the Bay area. He has served as the chairman of the American Cancer Society chapter in Alameda County and has worked on behalf of the March of Dimes, the Salvation Army, Sickle Cell Anemia, Easter Seals and Cystic Fibrosis. Active in politics as a member of the Democratic Central Committee in Alameda County since 1970, he has campaigned for L.A. Mayor Tom Bradley and Governor Jerry Brown, both friends.

"I've always had the need to help and be involved," Upshaw says. "I couldn't be a nine-to-five person. I've got to be involved, to speak for those who don't have a spokesman. It's no secret that I have political ambitions when my playing career is over. I'm really interested in Congress."

Born and raised in Robstown, Texas, on the Gulf Coast near Corpus Christi, Upshaw was

the first of three sons born to Cora and Eugene Upshaw Sr.; the senior Upshaw, who is now on the Robstown city council, was a meter reader for an oil company for 26 years until he lost a leg because of a circulation problem. One of Gene's brothers, Marvin, played for Cleveland, Kansas City and St. Louis for nine years. Athletic ability runs in the family. Their cousin, Willie Upshaw, is the first baseman for the Toronto Blue Jays. "Willie plays at a sport where you can get compensated for what you do," says Gene.

Upshaw's great love as a boy was baseball. A strong hitter for Robstown High, he was sought by the Pirates, the Phillies and the Astros. "I wanted to go with Pittsburgh," Upshaw says. "My father said, 'You're going to college, boy.'"

Upshaw went to Texas A&I, only 24 miles away in Kingsville, an easy commute. The school had a football team but no baseball team, and as Upshaw says, "I hated football. I was a walk-on, but three days later I had a full scholarship, and four years after that I was the number one draft choice of the Oakland Raiders and captain of the College All-Star football team."

Upshaw made all-AFL his rookie year and played against the Packers in Super Bowl II. His involvement with the union began that year. "Dave Grayson, our player rep, said,

Six special team units would divvy up \$114,000.

There would be a playoff pool, too. A wild card team that goes on to win the Super Bowl, as Oakland did in 1981, would divide up more than \$4 million in toto, or more than \$80,000 per man.

Garvey and Uphaw insist on this wage scale bolstered by performance and incentive bonuses.

"That's not a wage scale," snorts Donlan. "It's a minimum." The owners point out that there is nothing to prevent a player from holding out for more money. Moreover, the wage scale is an open invitation to a rival league, such as the new USFL, to bid against the NFL for top rookies and other talent. The players' solution to this problem is a discretionary fund of an additional \$500,000, which all teams would maintain to take care of bonus payments. The owners say this is no solution at all.

"The wage scale destroys incentive," says Donlan. "You end up overpaying people on your own team. A starting fourth-year linebacker would get less than an eight-year linebacker who isn't



To Donlan it isn't money, it's packaging.

playing regularly. It would increase the salaries of the marginal players, and it doesn't reward the guys who are genuine contributors."

The union contends that the NFL has

to go along with the wage scale plan because, as Yablonski says, "We have an exclusive right to represent employees for purposes of wages, benefits and other terms and conditions of employment. Donlan's current position that he won't accept a wage scale and incentives is a refusal to bargain collectively with the union. He's saying we have to waive that right. That's illegal." On Monday the union, which had filed eight unfair-labor-practice charges against NFL ownership—the National Labor Relations Board has already issued rulings in favor of the union on two of them—also charged the Management Council with refusing to bargain on wage scale and incentives before the strike. Proving that unfair labor practices forced the strike could be a bonanza for the players, a nightmare for the owners. The union maintains such a finding by the NLRB would mean 1) that the players would be free to play the All-Star games they've lined up with Ted Turner's superstation and 2) that the owners might even have to pay them for the time they spend on strike. Moreover, the players would be guaranteed their jobs back upon the signing of a new collective bargaining agreement.

Another major issue is the matter of drugs. The union submitted on Friday that "There is no longer a major problem in establishing a joint counseling and drug rehabilitation program." Not so, says Donlan. "The union says no testing of players, we say testing." To which Yablonski counters, "Any kind of blanket testing of players constitutes an invasion of privacy. It presumes guilt."

Several hours before Uphaw's announcement on Monday, Donlan was optimistic that though the strike was a foregone conclusion, the two sides would soon reach an agreement. "The reason I am optimistic," he said, "is that a strike doesn't make any sense to me. We're close in the dollar figure. We just have to figure out how to package it. When they strike, the heat will be on everyone. So the question the players will ask themselves is, 'What are we striking over?' Someone will say, 'Well, we want \$1.6 billion.' And then someone else will say, 'Isn't that what they offered us?' And then someone else will say, 'Yes.' And then I think the union's going to get a lot of pressure back."

To which Garvey responded, "I think he's crazy."

Bring on the tooth fairy. Please. **END**

"Look, rookie, here's a card. Sign it and pay your dues." I didn't know if I had a choice or not. Then after I did join, I wanted to know what was going on." When Uphaw went on to the executive committee, he started spending a lot of time with NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey, and they're close friends today.

The solidarity handshakes that angered the owners during the exhibition season were Uphaw's idea. "People don't realize this," he says, "but we have 1,500 guys scattered all over the place. There is a 25 percent turnover each year. It's hard to know each other. You see a guy in a rep meeting, and you don't know who he is. The last time you saw him,

he had a helmet on and there were bars in front of his face. If every rep came to the meeting with his number on, you'd know who he is. Management has worked that well. They want us to think we're animals. They want to tell us what time to go to bed, what to eat, what to wear. What we're going to show them now is not just a matter of economics, it's a matter of dignity. A worker has a right to bargain. Think about the movie *The Elephant Man*. Here was this guy with a bag over his head, and he screamed and said, 'I am a human being.' We wear helmets and shoulder pads, and we're saying, 'We're human beings.' We want to be heard. Without the players, there is nothing. We say to management, you can't own me, but together we can function."

In his rookie year Uphaw married Jimmye Hill, his college sweetheart, and they have a 12-year-old son, Eugene III. In his spare time, Uphaw plays golf well enough ("about a four handicap") to beat Garvey, who got his freshman letter in the sport at Wisconsin. Uphaw's latest love is downhill skiing, which he took up three years ago and describes as "the most exciting thing I've done in my life." To which Garvey adds, "He's really good at scaring little old ladies on the slopes. There's nothing like looking uphill and seeing Uphaw [who is 6'5", 255 pounds] bearing down on you at 50 miles an hour." Whether or not Uphaw proves to be as good at scaring the NFL remains to be seen.

—R.H.B.



Uphaw says the issue is one of dignity.



Until We Meet Again (If We Do)

It was a game the Pittsburgh Steelers will cherish and remember and replay in their minds many times, that 26-20 overtime victory over the Cincinnati Bengals in Three Rivers Stadium on Sunday. And in the locker room after the game they feared that the memory might have to carry them for a while, that it would be their last remembrance of the 1982 NFL season, the last game before the gates swung shut. It was a game played under a cloud.

As the Steelers dressed, with the vision of the final play in overtime, Terry Bradshaw's two-yard touchdown pass to John Stallworth still fixed in their minds, they were clearly wondering when they'd ever see good old Three Rivers again. Tuesday morning, their regular reporting time? Next week? Next month? 1983? When?

The threat of a strike hung heavy on the afternoon. There was an almost unreal quality to the game, a spirit that carried over to the postgame locker-room

quotes. Yes, yes, we know, it was inspirational—Franco Harris playing like a young colt again, and Bradshaw throwing like a dream, and a new folk hero emerging, this baby-faced, blond-haired kicker from South Africa named Gary Anderson—but really, what did it all mean?

"It means," said All-Pro Linebacker Jack Ham, "that if we strike until December we're 2-0 and we've got the home-field advantage for the playoffs."



Beasley (65) blocked Breech's last-second field-goal try, forcing the game into OT.

NFL football at its finest out there today."

"A tragedy," Bradshaw was saying, "to see our momentum stopped right now, and then to have to regroup—it would be a tragedy."

He reached into his locker and extracted a small envelope. From it he removed a pink dental plate with a single metal post on it. Then he held the envelope to his ear and shook it. Something rattled.

"She's still here," he said, removing a false front tooth. He fitted it onto the post, put the plate into his mouth—and the gap that had been there was gone.

Bradshaw is 34, his hair is thin on top, his face carries a few more lines and he has a front tooth that goes in and out. He's in his 13th NFL season. Some of them were stormy, and the last two were depressing, but now he's on a roll. He was terrific in the Steelers' opener, a 36-28 Monday-night win over Dallas, and almost as good against the Bengals, who shut down Pittsburgh's running game cold. He had to win it with his arm, and that's what he did, finding the second and third receivers when the first guy was covered, dumping the ball off with a deft touch when he had to, the things people said he was too stubborn to learn. He has thrown six touchdown

is the worst thing that could happen to us."

"Where'll you be on Tuesday?" he was asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I could be here or I could be out playing golf. If the majority goes out on strike, I'll be with them. I can't come in here and look at four walls all by myself. If they break the strike and come back to work, then I'll be back. I never wanted the thing in the first place."

By the next locker, Cliff Stoudt, Bradshaw's backup and the team player rep, looked on glumly. "The last strike vote we took," he said, "out of all the union members on our team the vote was 39-8 to back a strike, with one abstention. It was a big change from three months ago, when 90 percent were against a strike. I think we realize we all have to stick together."

With one exception. Lynn Swann, the wide receiver who played briefly on Sunday because of a very sore hamstring, said he'd be back at work Tuesday, strike or no strike. "I'm not in agreement with the union policy in negotiating this contract," he said. "I feel a strike should be used carefully, when you've exhausted all other methods. I'll be back in here Tuesday, and Wednesday and Thursday and the whole rest of the week, even if I'm the only one. Then it's up to the owners to determine what the leaguewide policy is going to be. I'm not afraid of any bitter feelings from my teammates, any hold-over feelings—not on this team. The players on the Steelers respect the right of the individual to make up his own mind."

"Look at the bright side," Ham said. "A strike would give the guys who are injured a chance to get well—Swaginie, Walter Abercrombie, he's a hell of a young running back; Jack Lambert."

Lambert, the strongside inside linebacker in Pittsburgh's new 3-4 alignment, remains the anchor of the Steeler defense. He sat out the Dallas game and played on a bad knee Sunday. Toward the end of the game he was limping noticeably. "If it had gone one more series, I'd have asked them to take me out," he

continued

The Steelers beat the Bengals in overtime but feared that a strike might mean a dead end to their auspicious start **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

"To me it means a win and a darn good one," Coach Chuck Noll said. "I don't even concern myself with a strike. I don't even know what you're talking about."

In the loser's locker room, Wide Receiver Cris Collinsworth said, "I just want the thing settled. I don't care if a federal mediator or an arbitrator has to step in. Do you think that down there on the field anyone was thinking of a strike during that overtime period? That was

passes in two games, and against the Bengals he was two shy of the Steeler club record with his 29 completions (out of 42 attempts). He talked Noll out of a running play, talked himself out of a field-goal call and selected the final touchdown pass to Stallworth himself. And he doesn't want to go out on strike.

"We're not a great football team," Bradshaw said. "We've got a long way to go before we are. But we're getting better. We've got momentum now. A strike



Pete Johnson, Ol' Mister Thunder-Thighs, ground out two second-half touchdowns.

said. "There comes a point where you're not being heroic anymore, just stupid."

The Steelers defense is a strange animal. In the old days they would just put their lineup of Pro Bowlers on the field and defy people to do anything against them. Now it's an ever-changing spectrum; they interchanged six different linemen and five linebackers Sunday, and they had a couple of people who took a turn at both positions. Four rookies saw action. They kept switching fronts and coverages. They blitzed more than they ever had before. Bengal Quarterback Ken Anderson calmly surveyed this sea of faces and picked it to pieces.

In one stretch spanning the third and fourth quarters, Anderson completed 12 straight passes. From late in the second quarter until late in the fourth, each of four straight Bengal drives put points on the scoreboard. They weren't cheap drives; the shortest was 58 yards, the longest 68. The last one ended with Jim Breech's 31-yard field goal, which gave Cincinnati a 20-17 lead with 4:44 to

play. Then it was time for Bradshaw and the offense.

It was an odd kind of day for them, a day in which Harris would end up with almost twice as many passes caught (11) as rushing attempts (six), and in which a running game that had softened up the Cowboys six days earlier couldn't even put a dent in the Bengals. The Steelers gained 26 yards on the ground Sunday, a record for ineptness matched only once

in Noll's 14 seasons. (Cincinnati didn't fare a whole lot better, gaining just 69 yards rushing.)

"The Bengals were hopping around and jumping all over the place," Right Guard Steve Courson said. "I've never seen them jumping in and out so much before."

"I could tell what they were doing until I got down in my stance," Center Mike Webster said, "then all I could see was moving feet. Unless I could recognize the shoe size, I couldn't tell who was where. They had our offense down pretty well."

What the Bengals couldn't defense was Harris' exceptional ability to turn Bradshaw's little dump-off passes into five- and 10-yard gains on his own. And Bradshaw had the skill to put just the right kind of touch on them to enable Harris to make one-handed catches without breaking stride.

"Terry throwing the outlet pass instead of forcing the ball downfield is something that we've been hollering about for a long time," said Harris, whose 11 catches were a career high. "I told him one time, then he started looking for me."

So the Steelers dinked their way up and down the field, until the outcome hinged on Gary Anderson's making a 42-yard field goal. Anderson had been Buffalo's seventh-round draft, but he couldn't beat out Nick Mike-Mayer. The Steelers, unhappy with David Trout's kicking last year, grabbed Anderson from the list of final cuts.

"He'd missed all four of his field goals

Harris ran six times, gaining just three yards, but he caught 11 dump-off passes for 88.





Woodruff (49) picked off a pass to set up the winning throw to Stallworth, who rekindled the Steelers' hopes on high.

in the preseason with Buffalo," Steeler Vice-President Art Rooney Jr. said, "but our player personnel director, Dick Haley, was very high on him anyway. He said one of those misses was from 59 yards, another from 54, another on a bad hold. We kept our fingers crossed that no one else would pick him up. We were all very excited when we got him, and he put on quite a show on our practice field when we tried him out. All the players stuck around and sat on their helmets watching him kick."

Anderson had booted a 40-yarder to put the Dallas game on ice with 1:02 left, and with 35 seconds showing on the clock he sent the Cincinnati game into overtime with the 42-yarder.

"If I'd been coming off a miss in the Dallas game," Anderson said, "I might have been thinking, 'God, I can't miss another one,' but this time I kind of looked forward to the chance. Ever since I was a kid I've played every game there was that involved kicking, and I've always liked the pressure. The bigger the game, the better I kicked."

The heroics were just beginning, though. Anderson had 28 seconds to work with after the kickoff, and in just 23 seconds and three plays he took the Bengals to the Pittsburgh 21. Breech tried a 39-yard field goal, but it took a low trajectory; 6' 5" Defensive End Tom Beasley got a hand on it, and the game was in overtime.

The Bengals got first try, and the Steelers, who had played in a rush-three-men, drop-eight-back-into-coverage prevent-type of defense in those final seconds of regulation time, began blitzing again. Anderson was flushed on first down from

his own 20 and scrambled for four yards. A Robin Cole blitz forced a misfire to Halfback Charles Alexander. On third and six the Steelers gambled on one more blitz, this time sending Ham and Strong Safety Donnie Shell. The pressure from Ham forced Anderson to throw early—to Wide Receiver Steve Kreider. Steeler Left Cornerback Dwayne Woodruff, who had been Anderson's main tormentor all afternoon, played the coverage perfectly and stepped in front of Kreider for the interception. His 30-yard return gave the Steelers the ball on the Bengal two-yard line. Pittsburgh called time, and Noll told Bradshaw to give his power back, Russell Davis, the ball.

"I told Chuck, 'Let's kick the field goal right now and get out of here,'" Bradshaw said later, "but he wanted the running play. I said, 'Well, let me throw it then. We could get a fumble on a running play.' He said O.K."

Stallworth was wide on the right side. Calvin Sweeney, Swann's replacement, was slotted inside him. Sweeney went in motion to the outside, then cut back inside. Stallworth went inside and then turned out past Sweeney. Bradshaw was rolling to his right.

"I had the option of running or throwing," Bradshaw said. "The thing is designed to get their defensive backs running into each other. It creates the biggest mess you've ever seen."

"The funny thing," Stallworth said, "is that we tried that play three times in practice Friday and didn't complete one. I still had confidence in it. It's not what



they'd expect on first down. Webster told me the linebackers and defensive linemen were all pinching inside."

Stallworth made a low, lunging catch, and the nearest Bengal was three yards away. The game was history, and Pittsburgh was 2-0, with perhaps the two toughest teams on its schedule already behind it, although there's supposed to be another game against the Bengals.

The Steelers are a team with 15 first-year players, a team with a scrambling type of defense and a very sure, mature offense. Against the Bengals they picked up only one offensive penalty all day, an offsides. They're a young team on the rise; they're not all the way back yet, but they're getting there. But when they closed up shop Sunday, they were in limbo, and so was everyone else.



Last man—or woman—in is a rotten egg.

The water—"

The cry came from a swimmer in New York's grungy Harlem River, but it was a request for water, not a complaint. The Harlem was cleaner than expected on Sept. 14. The First Annual Manhattan Island Swimming Marathon wasn't going to kill anyone.

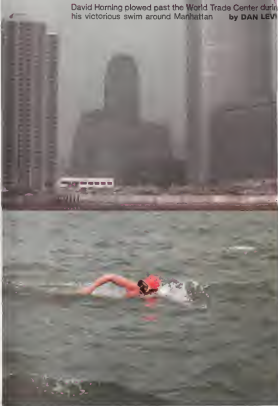
The 31.3-mile race had begun at 8:30 a.m., at 90th Street and the East River, appropriately enough hard by a large scow mounded high with garbage. The East River meets the Harlem about half a mile upstream, and there the tide would turn in their favor and carry the 12 swimmers—10 men and two women—nine miles to a third river, the Hudson. Catch the tides. That's how one circumnavigates the Big Apple.

It was 9:51 when the swimmer asked for water. His name was David Horning, a 34-year-old marketing consultant from Berkeley, Calif. In 1969 he had suffered two epileptic seizures. No one in New York knew that. And no one knew that Horning's doctor had warned him not to swim again. Now here he was, swimming at the toes—drafting is the term—of the leader, Todd Bryan, a 31-year-old environmental planner from Providence.

At 10:30 they stopped to feed, treading water as they did so. On a rise to the north, at the Marble Hill railroad station, a group of commuters stood and looked down, like tourists at Marineland. Horning turned to Bryan and said, "How're you doing?" Bryan replied, "Very good. How're you doing? Want to lead?" "No," Horning said, "you're having too good a time." Actually, Bryan wasn't

Dunking For The Big Apple

David Horning plowed past the World Trade Center during his victorious swim around Manhattan by DAN LEVY



having a good time. He was starting to look a little peaked. Drafting can cut a swimmer's stroke rate and energy expenditure by up to 10%, so the 155-pound Bryan was working harder than the 190-pound Horning. As he swam into the Hudson, Bryan, leading, was like a pilot fish trailed by a shark.

At 11:06 they were nearly 2½ miles downstream, having caught another tide. The two had stuck together in their little symbiosis for an hour and 55 minutes when, suddenly, the shark started edging up on the pilot fish. By 11:13, when they stopped beneath the George Washington Bridge, the two were head to head.

Bryan asked, "How're you feeling?" Not doing, as he had asked before. It was easy to imagine the answer Bryan was hoping for, but Horning said, "Great," as he grinned, gulped Pepsi-Cola and downed a second banana. Bryan looked troubled.

Horning said to him, "Hey, I don't even know your name," as seemed only courteous, after haunting the man for nearly two hours.

"Todd," Bryan answered as he tried to eat a peach.

"I'm Dave," Horning said, and off he headed down the Hudson. Bryan vomited up the peach and followed.

For 18 minutes they swam neck and neck, Horning breathing to his right, Bryan to his left, and with each stroke they stared into each other's eyes. Suddenly, Bryan stopped, announcing to his boat, "I'm getting sick." Horning asked him, "Want to follow me?" It was as if Sonny Liston had said to Floyd Patterson, "You want to get up? I won't hit you for a while."

They swam on, Bryan finally accepting Horning's offer and drifting, but only for another 200 yards. At 11:43, three hours and 13 minutes into the race, Bryan stopped and said, "I'm sick and I've got cramps in my thigh." He clambered into the boat, and Horning went on alone.

"I was trying my best to keep him from following me," Bryan said later, "but the only thing I could do was urinate, and that didn't seem to bother him."

Nothing did. Nothing ever has.

In 1969, when Horning was a Cal

Berkeley junior, he broke his back skiing. The epilepsy had been diagnosed a year earlier, and the doctor said, Horning recalls, "that my future in all sports would have to be limited." So each of the next two winters, back on the slopes, Horning broke a leg, and another doctor told him, "You'll never run again." In 1971 Horning graduated with a degree in marketing and fi-



Bryan and Horning were nose-to-nose until Horning peeled off to munch his banana in peace.

the time he reached the United Nations' complex, at East 42nd Street, Horning was six minutes behind the record pace.

By the East 50s the tide was tearing along the seawall at five knots, and Horning began passing surprised joggers ashore. He had left his chance for the record (seven

hours, 14 minutes and 44 seconds) in the outgoing tides downtown, and his winning time was 7:25:45.

As he struggled out of the water, Horning's face, where his scuba-diver's mask had pressed down on it for more than seven hours, was a frightening mass of purplish-yellow ridges. He rose on wobbling legs and asked, rhetorically, "Why am I so tired?"

The very obvious answer would seem to be "Why not?"

END

nance, and in 1977, deciding he was out of shape, he started running 30 miles a week. Seven months later he completed the New York Marathon in 2:47. In the next two years he ran four more marathons and then he discovered triathlons. He has won four of those swim-bike-run ordeals, twice setting course records in the Escape From Alcatraz event, and three days before his Manhattan swim he finished fifth in another on Long Island. But until New York, his longest swim had been seven miles, with an ebb tide, from San Francisco's Bay Bridge to the Golden Gate.

Now, at the southernmost tip of Manhattan, 24 miles along, he had been in the water for five hours and 10 minutes and was 29 minutes ahead of the record pace for the course, with his nearest competition more than a mile behind. Trouble was, the tide wouldn't start turning up the East River for another 29 minutes. By

Ugh, says Horning, the only man to complete the wet and dry New York marathons.



Picking Up Where They Didn't Leave Off

Chagrined by the 5-6 record last year, Notre Dame came out roaring in its '82 opener against Michigan

by JOHN PAPANEK

Outlined against a blue-white metal halide September sky—surely the damndest backdrop ever for a Notre Dame football game—Faust raved again. In classic literature Faust is a madman; in real life, well, no one has gone quite that far in describing Gerry Faust. But at this particular moment the 47-year-old Notre Dame coach was, certifiably, a mad man, as in angry—raving and railing, stomping up and down the sidelines, eager to have at the official who had just bestowed what Faust considered the gift of a pass interference call upon Michigan. Now, with only a little more than two minutes remaining, the Wolverines, behind 23-17, were on Notre Dame's 35-yard line and driving for a touchdown and victory. "I didn't know what to think," said Faust.

He might have looked for solace out beyond the north end of Notre Dame Stadium—the way Ara always could on football Saturday afternoons in South Bend—to the wall of Memorial Library. But Musco Mobile Lighting, Ltd., which had illuminated Notre Dame Stadium to the extent that it seemed to be the climactic scene in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, hadn't trained its Klieg lights upon the giant TOUCHDOWN JESUS mosaic looming somewhere out there in the

dark. "I prayed anyway," said Faust.

Which may or may not have had something to do with the fact that three plays later Michigan Quarterback Steve Smith completed a pass to Split End Vincent Bean on the Irish 30, only to have Irish Free Safety Dave Duerson strip the ball from Bean's grasp. Thus Notre Dame preserved its rightful victory and Faust was free to leap and skip and dance and pummel the air like a high school coach in celebration of his greatest win since—well, since Faust's Moeller High School team beat Massillon in 1980 to give him his seventh undefeated season in 18 years as the Cincinnati school's head coach.

Faust was so keyed up that his post-game words flew out of his mouth like blasts from an air horn:

"Gosh almighty that was a thriller!"

"Oh didn't our young men play fantastically?"

"I don't think we could have done anything better than we did tonight!"

"I'm so happy for the kids, the players, the alumni, all the fans and the University of Notre Dame!"

And, he might have added, for Faust, who no longer needed to worry that his second season at Notre Dame would pick up where his first left off. There were critics, plenty of them, who, after Faust's miserable 5-6 record in his inaugural season at South Bend, felt that his rah-rah style was something that had gone out with leather helmets. "Oust Faust" and "Send The Holy Roller Back To Moeller" were the phrases heard in South Bend over the winter. And there was an uneasy quiet in town last week because no one, not the fans, not the students, not the players, not Faust himself, knew how the 1982 Irish would react to the changes he made in the off-season. Which included hiring Carl Selmer, a former Miami head coach and an assistant at Nebraska for 11 years, as offensive line coach and Ron Hudson, a former UCLA assistant, as quarterback and receivers coach, and changing his own style from an on-the-field practice coach to one who watches his minions from the remoteness of a tower. But everyone did know the answer would be apparent to

the whole world on Saturday night. When the game was over, no anti-Faustian comments were to be heard.

It was a vindication of the most glorious kind for Faust, beating a Michigan team thought by its coach, Bo Schembechler, to be capable of winning the national championship. Moreover, it was Michigan that had given Faust his baptismal beating a year ago, and the Irish never seemed to get on track after that. "There was so much talk before last year and we didn't back it up," said Notre Dame senior Tight End Tony Hunter, who would catch seven of Quarterback



The swarming Irish defense yielded only 41 yards to Michigan's vaunted running game.

Blair Kiel's 15 completions (out of 22 attempts) for 76 yards. "It was a nightmare that started when Michigan whipped us 25-7 when we were ranked Number One and ended when we were embarrassed by Miami while losing 37-15 on national TV. We decided this year to keep our mouths shut."

"I was really scared," said sophomore Defensive Tackle Mike Gann. "Until the first play. Then, when we handled Michigan so well right away, I knew we'd be okay." Indeed, Gann and his defensive cohorts had an almost sinfully easy time with the Michigan offensive line. End

Kevin Griffith sacked Smith three times, and five other Irishmen each got him once. But of all the wondrous statistics, the Notre Dame defensive unit should be best remembered for having held Michigan to a net total of 41 yards rushing. Forty-one yards on the ground for the Wolverines! Last season Michigan averaged 274.4 yards per game. The last time Michigan got as few as 41 yards on the ground was in 1970, Schembechler's second season, when the Wolverines gained just 37 yards rushing and lost to Ohio State 20-9.

No wonder, then, that Bo kept the

press out of his locker room for 30 minutes after the debacle and was spitting bile when he finally opened the door. "I didn't recognize that team out there," he said. "The offensive line got whipped. They simply played terrible. The defense didn't tackle well. We couldn't run the ball and we couldn't stop their backs. I've never had a team come apart on me like that. I can't figure it out."

By his past standards, Bo's postgame fulminations were mild, lending credence to the recent spate of reports from Ann Arbor that Schembechler has mellowed, that he is really having fun now.

continued





Fullback Moriarty gained 94 yards in all of '81... and 116 against Bo Saturday night.



Bell's third-quarter TD made it 23-7.

Moriarty helped clear the way for Carter, who averaged 4.8 yards on 14 carries.



NOTRE DAME *continued*

At any previous point in his 13 years at Michigan a Wolverine performance like the Notre Dame disgrace would have brought on a full-blown Woody Hayes tantrum. Under the circumstances, Bo had to be considered a model of decorum. The redoubling of his love affair with Michigan came last spring when he spurned the \$2.5 million over 10 years offered by Texas A&M (the job that Jackie Sherrill then took) to stay in Ann Arbor for a modest raise—to \$85,000 a year—and a pizza franchise. Honest, a pizza joint. Just last week in a laid-back, feet-on-his-desk chat with a visiting journalist, Bo told how the Texas A&M people were still romancing him in the basement of his Ann Arbor home, even after he had decided to turn down the job, when a

Michigan booster named Tom Monahan barged into the house. "I came upstairs and Tom said, 'Bo, before you make up your mind, let me give you something.' I said, 'Tom, it's all over. I'm not going.' Tom said, 'I don't care.' And he gave me a Domino's Pizza franchise. So now I've got a pizza franchise."

With a 20-9 win over Wisconsin already under their belts, all the Wolverines seemed more confident about the Notre Dame game than any squad had been for any big game in the Schembechler era. And that included Bo himself. How else can you explain Bo's saying on Friday afternoon, "I'm more worried about how I'm going to tape my TV show. We'll get back home at 2:30 a.m. Sunday, and I'll have to go straight into the studio. I'll be falling asleep on the air."

Will Bo ever say such a thing again?

Did anyone, even Bo, think that Michigan's fumbling the ball away on the third play of the game—Bob Clusby knocked it loose while sacking Smith on the Michigan 22 to set up a 35-yard field goal by Mike Johnston—would be a harbinger of a Wolverine collapse of such magnitude? Not even \$9,075 howling Notre Dame fans would have guessed that. But when the Wolverines netted the inglorious total of minus-six yards for their first three possessions, people began to suspect that something strange was going on in the sci-fi glare of those lights.

It was Smith's second fumble—when he collided head on with Larry Ricks, his own tailback—that really lit Bo up. Four plays later, just as the second quarter started, Notre Dame's senior fullback, Larry Moriarty, on his way to a 116-yard evening, slashed off left end, broke a tackle at the line of scrimmage and dashed 24 yards for a touchdown.

"Moriarty [who alternated at fullback with John Sweney and Mark Brooks last season, carrying the ball just 20 times for 94 yards] really surprised me," said Schembechler. "I don't know if he's a good back or if we're just that bad at tackling—and I'm not being facetious."

Faust kept up the pressure. On Notre Dame's next possession he ordered a third down quick kick by Kiel—who doubles as the Irish punter—that went 59 yards and put the Wolverines into yet another hole. After Michigan punted, Notre Dame mounted a 55-yard drive, which ended when Tailback Greg Bell

continued

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fumbled while smashing up the middle and lunging toward the goal line. "What about Bell's fumble?" Faust was asked after the game.

"You mean the touchdown?" the coach said. "That was a touchdown. Our kids said it was a touchdown. I didn't say it was a touchdown. Don't say I said it. Say I said they said it." O.K., they said it, but it was Notre Dame's only turnover of the game, and after Johnston booted a 37-yard field goal—the Irish senior had kicked only two field goals in his life before Saturday, both in high school—Michigan was lucky to be trailing 13-0 at the half. The Wolverines hadn't made a single third-down conversion. Nor would they the entire evening.

Still, they were only befuddled, not disheartened, at halftime. "We figured we could get back in it," said Smith. "Two TDs isn't much." And there was just no way Michigan, which had been outrushed in the first half 141 yards to 29, wouldn't come out stronger. Moreover, Anthony Carter had yet to be heard from.

Not that the Notre Dame crowd hadn't called for Carter, the senior receiver/kick returner who has averaged an NCAA record 17.4 yards each time he has carried the football, and who has scored one touchdown for every four passes he's caught in his Wolverine career. Friday night, at the Notre Dame pep rally, which is one of the few true-to-tradition surviving pep rallies left in the nation, Hunter got up before several thousand fellow students and said, "Maybe you all saw a movie called *The Warriors*. Maybe you remember when one of the rival gang members called over to the Warriors [Hunter switched over to a taunting, singsong voice] 'War-riors, come out and play-ay!' Now I want you all to yell 'An-thony, come out and play-ay!' " And several thousand students and alumni did. And they did it again Saturday night, riding into the third quarter with that 13-point lead. "An-thony, come out and play-ay!"

Kiel booted a 51-yard punt after the Irish's first possession of the second half, and Carter drifted back several yards, to his own 28, to field it. He decided it was indeed time to play. John Sweeney and Joe Johnson had Carter covered well enough on the catch, but Carter just sprang between them with instantaneous full acceleration, then ran along the left hash mark, broke away from Kevin Kelly



Aubry launched the Notre Dame offensive by scooping up Smith's first-quarter fumble.

at the 50 and went unmolested the rest of the 72 yards for a touchdown though there were two ominous signs: one, the fleet Carter was nearly caught from behind by Chris Smith, and two, Michigan's John Lott apparently clipped on Kiel, the last Notre Dame player between Carter and the end zone. But no flag was thrown. The PAT was good, and with almost the whole second half to go, it was 13-7. Carter, however, was through for the evening. On the touchdown run he had aggravated a groin pull suffered on a late hit in the first half.

The Irish responded with a 49-yard field-goal drive and then a 62-yard touchdown drive. Bell running seven yards for the score on a brilliant change-of-direction play after Faust had ordered a daring fourth-down Kiel-to-Hunter 15-yard pass that kept the drive alive.

Michigan's answer was a 42-yard field goal from Ali Haji-Sheikh, making it 23-10 with 13 minutes left in the game. Now it was strictly desperation time for Smith. Schembechler has staunchly defended his junior quarterback for two seasons, but around Ann Arbor they say it's a pity that Carter has never had the opportunity to play with a legitimate thrower. True to form, Bo stuck with Smith even though he benched the other backfield starters, Ricks and Fullback Greg Armstrong, replacing them with Rick Rogers and Eddie Garrett. And Smith did hook up on a 32-yard pass to Bean, to give Michigan a first down on the Notre Dame 39 with 7:45 to go.

Then came the true immaculate reception—practically under the nose of TOUCHDOWN JESUS. The play began with Smith faking a hand-off to Rogers up the

continued

Duerson snuffed out Michigan's last-gasp drive by stripping the ball from Bean.



middle. Smith then faded back and heaved the ball downfield toward Giovanni Johnson, who was double-teamed at the Irish 27 by Duerson and Stacy Toran. Duerson batted the ball and it caromed over Toran's shoulder. Johnson, also defending in the area, yelled "Ball! Ball!"—the signal that the ball was still available for interception. "I was looking for it," said Toran, "but I couldn't find it." The ball was spinning, seemingly glued to Toran's back as if it were a gyroscope. At which point Rogers, who had gone downfield after the fake, showed up on the scene, plucked the ball off the defender's back, spun 270 degrees and took off for the end zone. "I felt him brush me and then I saw him go," said Toran. "It was history." It was also 23-17 on the scoreboard.

"I never saw a play like that in my life," said Faust, "and I never want to see one again. Unless it happens for our side. But I learned one thing after last year: Don't hang your head. Last year I know I would have hung my head, but I didn't believe we could lose the game on flukes after playing so well. I just told the young men we had to control the football."

But Notre Dame could only keep the ball for six plays, and had to kick it away. Starting at his own 20 with 4:12 left.

A frantic Faust had to be restrained after a late pass interference call on the Irish.



The Immaculate Reception began with Duerson batting the ball intended for Johnson.



The caroming ball popped up and onto Notre Dame Cornerback Toran's shoulder pads.



It stayed there while Toran, hearing the call "ball," searched in vain to find it.



Michigan's Rogers arrived on the wild scene and alertly snatched the ball away.



Rogers then pivoted from the surprised defenders to get himself running room.



Tucking the ball away, Rogers took off for the goal line and a Michigan touchdown.

Smith passed to Tight End Craig Dunaway for one first down and then to Bean for another. On third-and-eight from midfield, Smith threw for Steve Johnson at the Notre Dame 35. The ball was low and Johnson might have made the catch on his knees, but Cornerback John Mosely got his right hand around Johnson and tipped the pass away. A yellow flag flew—and Mosely was called for interference. That was the call that sent Faust into his angry dance.

"I was pretty upset," said Faust. "I said, 'What's going on here? What's going on here? Somebody's trying to take this away from us!'"

Righteous character that Schembechler is, he would be the last person in the stadium to suggest that Notre Dame didn't deserve to win. "Heck, that last touchdown was something," he said. "The way we came back. . . . If we would have won the game, it would've been one for Ripley—or the Gipper?"

Duerson's interception put Ripley on hold, but maybe it was one for the Gipper. And maybe 50 years from now they'll remember the night the Irish whipped Michigan under the Golden Dome lights. The night Gerry Faust could truly say, "We woke up the echoes a little bit today." **END**

Bo seemed mellow before the game, but as a South Bend set his teeth on edge.



A Golden Horse On Any Course



In the stretch Lemhi was golden, but Pair of Deuces, the early pacesetter, faded.

Grass-loving Lemhi Gold won the Marlboro Cup while kicking dirt in the faces of contenders for Horse of the Year by **WILLIAM NACK**

Trainer Lazaro Barrera was pacing near the finish line at Belmont Park last Saturday, waiting for Jockey Jacinto Vasquez to bring Lemhi Gold back to the winner's circle, when he and owner Aaron U. Jones spotted each other through the crowd. The smiling Jones seemed levitated as he approached his trainer. There's nothing quite like winning nearly a quarter of a million dollars in two minutes to lift a man's feet off the ground. Seeing Barrera, he threw his arms in the air. In reply, Barrera held out two fists and pumped them vigorously, twice. Jones reached out and the two men embraced.

"I told you you'd do it, you son of a gun!" Jones said. "You've got to have faith in me."

As Vasquez reined the colt to a stop, Jones grinned, wagged a finger at him and said, "I told you, my friend!"

Jones had good reason to crow, because Lemhi Gold, a 4-year-old colt that

he had bred, raised and named, had just beaten the three most vaunted horses in the country and made off with the \$400,000 Marlboro Cup Handicap.

The Marlboro is a mile and a quarter, the classic distance in America, and Lemhi had to hustle over every inch of it to win. He stalked the pace-setting Pair of Deuces from the drop of the flag to the backstretch straight, started breathing on him as they raced to the three-quarter pole, took him by the throat as they rushed off the turn for home and then shook him loose as he pleased through the stretch, winning by 8½ lengths in a commendable 2:01, paying \$17.

"I just couldn't keep up with him," said Eddie Maple, the rider of Pair of Deuces, the 28-1 shot who faded to third. The stretch-running Silver Supreme, who went off at 16-1, passed a lot of wet sails to finish second.

Timely Writer, the tepid 2-1 favorite, never threatened and finished seventh,

while the 5-2 second choice, Silver Buck, ended up fourth. Perrault, the third choice at 7-2, made a fight of it early but injured himself, apparently at the far turn, forcing Laffit Pincay Jr. to pull him up in the stretch. Muttering, at 4-1, ran the last three furlongs on empty, finishing sixth under Bill Shoemaker. "No excuse," The Shoe said. It's the One, Lemhi Gold's gifted stablemate, run as if he hadn't run in two months—which he hadn't—and came in fifth.

Thus, the three horses generally given the least chance to win the Marlboro Cup finished 1-2-3, while the four main contenders—excepting Perrault—were out-run from wire to wire. The race thoroughly confused what it was supposed to clarify—who would be Horse of the Year. With the ballyhooed Timely Writer, Perrault and Silver Buck shot down, the retired Conquistador Cielo, who finished third in last month's Travers, isn't out of it. Blame Lemhi Gold.

"This is the second-best horse I ever trained," said the 57-year-old Barrera, a

Hall of Fame trainer who conditioned 1978 Triple Crown winner Affirmed, 1976 Kentucky Derby and Belmont winner Bold Forbes and several other major stakes champions. "First Affirmed, second Lemhi Gold."

And this comes in praise of a horse that wasn't even on the original invitation list for the Marlboro Cup. In fact, Barrera would have preferred to pass the Marlboro and aim for the \$150,000 Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park on Oct. 3. The Man o' War is run on grass, and Lemhi Gold is already a candidate for the American grass championship.

A son of Vaguely Noble, himself a champion lawn mower in Europe and later the sire of many top turf horses, Lemhi Gold had a pedigree that clearly suggested grass. Jones had arranged for the pedigree, sending Belle Marie, a daughter of Candy Spots, to Vaguely Noble in Kentucky in the spring of 1977. Jones owns a lumber business in Eugene, Ore. but spends some of his leisure time at a cabin in Idaho built on the banks of Lemhi Creek, near an old gold-mining claim. Hence Lemhi Gold.

The colt showed he was at home on dirt, winning the first start of his life on it at Santa Anita last year by 14 lengths. Off that, Barrera and Jones figured they had themselves a Kentucky Derby horse, but he bucked his shins in his second start and wasn't up to the '81 spring classics. He almost won the Jim Dandy on the dirt at Saratoga last year, getting beat a neck by Willow Hour. "He got shut off twice," Barrera says. "He should've won." A couple of weeks later, he did a flip in the starting gate before the Jerome Handicap at Belmont, injured his back and finished ninth. That was it for the year.

"He's such a free-spirited, exuberant horse that he sometimes hurts himself," says Jones.

The colt ran creditably in his first two races this year, both on the dirt at Santa Anita, but he began gaining national attention when Barrera put him on the grass there. He won three in a row, including April's San Juan Capistrano Handicap by seven lengths in just a fifth of a second off the 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile turf course record of 2:45.5. After coming in second in the Hollywood Invitational, he won the Sword Dancer Stakes on the Belmont

turf in July; was fourth in the Whitney Stakes on the dirt (he leaped gazelle-like out of the gate and tore off part of a hoof), and then finished fourth in the Budweiser Million on the grass at Arlington. "A rough trap," Barrera says. "Lost a lot of ground."

Barrera is not only a consummate horseman but also is adept at picking the most favorable spots. After the Budweiser Million, that spot for Lemhi Gold appeared to be the Man o' War on the grass. His owner disagreed.

"I wanted to prove that this horse could run on the dirt," Jones said. "I felt he never had a proper chance to prove himself on the dirt. He'd had bad luck on it." Of course, proving that point in a race as important as the Marlboro Cup—a male and a quarter without a cigarette—would considerably enhance his value as a stallion prospect. "I prevailed on Laz," Jones said.

The only problem, of course, was that the horse hadn't been asked to run in the race. John T. Landry, senior vice-president of marketing at Philip Morris and the originator of the race, and Pat O'Brien, a former New York racing official who oversees the Marlboro Cup for Philip Morris, didn't have Lemhi Gold on their original list. On Sept. 9, just nine days before the race, Barrera asked O'Brien why the colt hadn't been invited. "He's a grass horse," O'Brien said. "I hadn't even considered him."

"Well, consider him," Laz said. "This horse can go both ways." New York Racing Secretary Lenny Hale evaluated the horse's past performances and recommended he join the field. Landry approved. Five days before the race, Hale released his weight assignments. They showed Perrault in the heavyweight, at 128 pounds, and Lemhi Gold as the low-weight (along with Fit to Fight, who later scratched), at 115. Barrera now felt he had a very good chance.

For days he had sensed he was on to something. On Sept. 9, Barrera had begun preparing the colt for the Marlboro. He decided to sharpen his speed, so he sent him out to work a fast five-eighths on the dirt. Lemhi Gold did it in :57 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, the fastest time of any horse at that distance that day, and then galloped the six furlongs in better than 1:10.



Lumberman Jones went against the grain.

The work left the colt wide-eyed and ready. In the days leading up to the Marlboro, Barrera made daily reference to it. When a writer came by to talk about it's the One, his other horse, Barrera steered him toward Lemhi Gold, and it soon became evident whose chances he liked better. "He worked 57 and 58ths [for five furlongs] and galloped out in nine and change [1:09-plus for six]," Barrera would say. "You don't think he likes the track? He can't look better. He's very good right now and he can beat anybody in the race. . . . I don't see no reason why he can't win on the dirt. . . . Don't overlook this horse."

If getting into the race required last-minute scrambling, so did finding a rider. Barrera named Angel Cordero to ride him, but on Thursday Cordero announced he would be on Silver Supreme—to fulfill a promise he had made to that horse's trainer, Richard DeStasio. So Barrera reached out and touched Vasquez. On Saturday it was all over coming to the turn for home. Jones's optimism had been justified. "He proved today that he can run anywhere," he said. As for Vasquez, all he really had to do was sit there. "Hey," said the winner, "I got to thank Cordero."

END

It's possible that Robin Yount, who is now the finest shortstop in baseball, won't be named the Most Valuable Player in the American League, especially if Milwaukee fails to protect its Eastern Division lead (through Sunday, two games over the Orioles), but in press boxes around the league he's unquestionably the favorite. One argument in his behalf

is repeated over and over: He's a shortstop who can hit. And, as Oscar Gamble, the New York Yankee outfielder, says, "He hits with power. It's amazing that a shortstop can lead the league in slugging percentage."

Yount, who turned 27 last week, has been in or close to the league lead in slugging percentage most of the season, and in total bases, too. These are power categories, the statistical realm of the big hitters, the musclemen—usually outfielders and first basemen, sometimes third basemen and catchers, occasionally a second baseman, almost never a shortstop. Ernie Banks led in both categories once, before he was switched from shortstop to first base. (Did you know that Banks played more games at first than he did at short? Does this make him a first baseman in the eyes of the great god of baseball statistics?) Rogers Hornsby did it once early in his career, before he was switched from short to second. Honus Wagner, who towers like Mount Everest over all other shortstops (see box, page 39), did it several times back in the first decade of the century. Vera Stephens and the above three Hall of Famers are the only shortstops to finish as high as second in both slugging percentage and total bases in the same year.

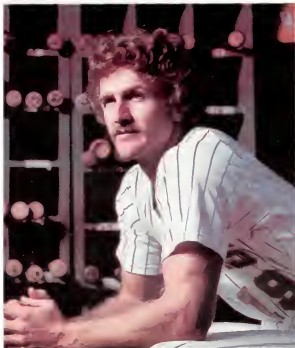
At the end of last week, Yount was second in the league in batting (.333), first in base hits, first in doubles, second in runs scored and third in triples; he had 24 homers and 101 runs batted in. He also had 80 extra-base hits (45 doubles, 11 triples and 24 homers). Eighty extra-base hits in one season is a considerable but seldom-noticed batting achievement. When George Brett hit .390 two seasons ago he had 66 extra-base hits. Carl Yastrzemski has never had 80 in a season. Ty Cobb never did either. Neither did Wagner or Roberto Clemente. Nor Pete Rose. Reggie Jackson has done it once. But this is the second season of more than 80 for Yount, who had 82 (49, 10, 23) in 1980.

Shortstops just aren't expected to hit like that, particularly slick-fielding shortstops, and Yount is among the slickest. Rick Burleson of the California Angels and Alan Trammell of the Detroit Tigers are generally considered the two finest fielding shortstops in the American League, but Yount is very close to them. Some observers say he's better. He has excellent range, good hands, a powerful

continued

This Robin Is A Rare Bird

Milwaukee's Robin Yount is the best shortstop in baseball because he combines slick fielding with powerful hitting **by ROBERT W. CREAMER**



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arm and the awareness of situation that moves superior fielders to moments of inspiration. In a game in New York recently he ran, his back to the infield, far into left centerfield after a twisting pop fly. He seemed unlikely to get to the ball before it dropped, but he stabbed at it as the last moment and grabbed it somewhere near his right elbow. The catch was accomplished enough, but then Yount, turning with the impetus of his effort, threw back to second base and doubled off a surprised base runner.

Earlier in that series he had been shaded toward second base with a man on first and Jerry Murphy, a fast switch hitter batting left, at the plate. Murphy hit the ball sharply toward the hole between third and short. Yount, sprinting to his right, speared the ball backhanded on the dead run and somehow managed to fire it back to second base in time for the forcetout—and Second Baseman Ed Romero still had time to relay the ball on to first to nip Murphy. Ed Lopat, the old Yankee lefthander of the Casey Stengel era, was still talking about Yount's gem a day or so later. "A shortstop can't make a better play than that," Lopat said. Pitcher Don Sutton, who came to the Brewers from the National League in August, said, "He took a base hit and turned it into a double play."

Yount's grace in the field is evident, but at bat he doesn't look like a power hitter. He's tall and lithe—6 feet and 170 pounds—and he doesn't bludgeon the ball. But he has surprisingly muscular arms for his lean build, and he has a quick bat—he puts wood on the ball. He tends to boom hits to right center and left center, which helps explain the number of doubles and triples he gets. "He hits from foul line to foul line, the way Steve Garvey does," Sutton says. "He'll spray one down the rightfield line, he'll gap one to right center, then he'll jerk one to left." He's fast, too, though he doesn't steal many bases. When he's running all out, rounding the bases en route to a triple, his speed is breathtakingly evident.

In sum, he's a miraculously talented athlete who does everything well on the ball field and who elicits glowing praise from other baseball men. "Oh, Robin Yount!" bubbles George Bamberger, the manager of the New York Mets, who was Yount's manager in Milwaukee in 1978.



By staying on his toes, Yount is ready to react.

'79 and part of '80. "There's a kid who can run, throw, field, hit, hit with power—what else is there? And he's a 100-percent. I've never seen him let up. If somebody told me I could pick any shortstop in baseball for my team, I wouldn't hesitate, I wouldn't think about it for a second. It'd be Robin Yount."

Frank Howard, one of Bamberger's coaches, who was with him in Milwaukee as well, is even more extravagant in praise of Yount. "He's as complete a ball-player as there is in the game," Howard says. "Plus, he's a super person. He has the respect of all his teammates and everybody in baseball. There aren't many Jack Armstrongs left, but in my mind Robin Yount is a Jack Armstrong of the 1980s, an all-American boy. Let me put it

this way: If your daughter came home with a Robin Yount, you'd be so grateful you'd fight candles for the rest of your life." Sutton says, "He's a great guy to have on the club. He's funny. He keeps things loose in the clubhouse."

To outsiders these aspects of Yount's personality aren't readily apparent. He's polite and pleasant, even cordial to strangers, but he maintains a reserve. He's gracious and patient with the determined lady in Milwaukee who is head of the Robin Yount Fan Club, but a couple of years back he did decide he was too old to attend any more of the club's birthday parties for him. Some players savor publicity and

use it to gratify egotistical needs; others are afraid of it and retreat into silence. Yount once told a reporter, "Publicity doesn't make that much difference to me. I don't especially like it, but I understand there is a need for it in baseball." He was 18 years old then, in his second month as a major-leaguer, and his attitude hasn't changed.

Such precocious maturity was characteristic. The youngest of three sons—Robin is five years younger than the second Yount son and nine years younger than the oldest—he has always acted older than his years. His mother, Marion, says, "He had that 'little man' attitude. I can't ever remember him being a 'little boy.'"

Yount was born in 1955 in Danville,

Among Yount's assets is good range. Here he calls off Ben Oglivie in short left center.



III. His family is typically Californian in that his father grew up in Ohio, his mother in Illinois, one of his brothers was born in Chicago, the other in Houston. The Younts were living in Indiana when Robin was born (the nearest hospital was in Danville, just across the state line), but moved to Los Angeles before he was a year old. Phil Yount had a chemical engineering degree from Ohio State, where he and Marion met, and he had been working for Du Pont. The move to California came when he took a job as an aerospace engineer with Rocketdyne, a division of Rockwell International. The Younts bought a house in Woodland Hills, an affluent community in the San Fernando Valley, and Robin grew up there.

Neither of the elder Younts is particularly athletic, although the entire family did go on long skiing trips together, sometimes venturing as far afield as Utah or Colorado, but the sons grew up playing sports. The Yount home had a huge backyard—330 feet long, 70 feet wide—and over the years it served as an impromptu baseball diamond, football field, pitch-and-putt golf course, even a dirt-hike motorcycle track. When Robin was a junior in high school, the family built a chicken-wire batting cage in the yard. "It lasted just one season," Phil says. "Robin destroyed it, literally, hanging baseballs through it."

Jim, the oldest son, who's 36 and an oceanographer and geologist living near San Francisco, was better at football than baseball, but Larry, 32 and in real-estate development in Scottsdale, Ariz., was an outstanding pitcher who played for several years in the minor leagues and had a cup of coffee in the majors with Houston. Robin was 12 when Larry signed his first contract. "That was kind of neat," Robin says, "having a brother in pro ball." Twice during summer vacations when he was in high school Robin visited Larry in the minor leagues. "I'd go and stay with him in Oklahoma City during a home stand," he says. "I lived in the apartment with him and his roommates, and I'd go out to the ball park with them and work out, take batting practice, things like that." In the off-seasons when Larry was home, he'd take Robin to a nearby field or, later, to the backyard cage and pitch to him. "Sometimes he'd throw real stuff," Robin says. "That was great experience. Here I was, a high school player, swinging at Triple A pitching."

Robin had always been an outstanding athlete, even though he was small for his age until his junior year in high school. He played Pop Warner football for two years—"He was the quarterback," Marion says, "and he kept complaining that he couldn't see over the line to throw the ball"—and was a flanker for a time in high school. He quit the sport after the 10th grade. "I didn't like it much," Yount says. "I didn't like the idea of practicing six days to play one."

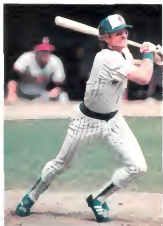
He drove motorcycles from the time he was 11, and when he was 13 he began competing in moto-crocs events, winning several trophies. Phil still marvels at that, saying, "There's no way in the world anybody ought to be able to ride a motorcycle the way he rode it with no background in the sport, and yet he did it. He has always been that way. He makes up his mind to do something and then he does it."

He did the same thing in golf. Marion says that the first time he ever played "real" golf, when he was 9, he beat his brother Larry, then 13. Reminded of this, Yount smiles and says, "That's one of my mother's stories. I don't remember beating him."

When Robin was in his early teens, he and his friends would sneak onto the 6,017-yard, par-70 Woodland Hills Country Club course near his home and play surreptitiously, getting in as many holes as they could before they were caught and chased off. One day he shot a hole in one. "There were some ladies ahead of us," Yount says, "and they waved and cheered. When we got to the 9th hole the ladies were up at the clubhouse, and they called to us to come up there. But we were sneak-ers, we weren't going up there and get caught. We waved back at them and kept saying, 'Yeah, thanks, right, we're in kind of a hurry,' and we kept going." Larry Yount's father-in-law, Richard Radenbaugh, for whom Robin caddied the last two years in the pro-am at the Los Angeles Open, recalls the incident. "People were up on the hill cheering him," Radenbaugh says, laughing, "and there he was, running down the street. He got chased every week."

Friends say Yount would now be a scratch golfer if he played regularly. But baseball took precedence long ago. He was named the outstanding high school baseball player in Los Angeles in his senior year and was picked in the first

round of the 1973 draft by the Brewers. He was the third pick overall, behind Pitcher David Clyde (by the Texas Rangers) and Catcher John Stearns (by the Philadelphia Phillies). "We had quite a go of it before he signed," says Jim Baumer, the director of scouting who



Rockin' Robin: 333, 24 homers, 101 RBIs

handled the negotiations for the Brewers. "They wanted more money than we were willing to give." Less than a year later, when Yount was Milwaukee's starting shortstop, he said to Baumer, "See? I told you I should have been given more money."

He played 64 games in the Class A New York-Pennsylvania League in the summer of '73, hitting a solid .285, and fielded well but erratically. Still, he was impressive, and Milwaukee, beginning its sixth season as an expansion club, took him to spring training in 1974. The Brewers had finished last or next to last each season and had used a succession of shortstops, none of whom was very impressive. Del Crandall, then the Milwaukee manager, liked what he saw of Yount's fielding in camp and felt certain he'd hit at least as well as the previous shortstop, Tim Johnson, who batted .213 in '73.

According to Brewer lore, Crandall

continued

said to the front office, "Is there any reason why an 18-year-old kid can't play shortstop in the big leagues?" The front office said, "Why not?" Yount was in the lineup on Opening Day, and he has been Milwaukee's regular shortstop ever since.

Except, of course, during the Great Golf Strike.

That began in March 1978, during spring training at Sun City, Ariz., and continued into May. Yount had played well his first four seasons, batting better than .250 each year and a strong .288 in 1977. His fielding was still a little shaky—he made 44 errors in 1975—but

among the Brewers centered around the question, "Do you think Robin's going to sign?"

Club President Bud Selig flew in from Milwaukee and spoke to Yount, Harry Dalton, the newly appointed general manager, talked to Yount, Bamberger, in his first year as manager, said things would work out. Everyone was so sure Yount would sign that a bright new rookie shortstop named Paul Molitor was reassigned to the minors. Then Yount suddenly left camp. Molitor's reassignment was hastily rescinded, and he opened the season at shortstop. Yount flew to Milwaukee just before the season began, hung around a few days, had dinner with Selig and then abruptly flew to Arizona, where he had been staying with his brother.

Throughout this period there was an atmosphere of friendliness on both sides. Yount and the Brewers both insisted that money and contract terms weren't the problem, and club officials said they were waiting only for Yount to decide what he wanted to do. Then early in May he rejoined the Brewers, worked out and was reinstated at shortstop. Molitor was shifted to second and was outstanding. Milwaukee had a splendid season, moving up from the depths to third place, and has been a factor in the American League ever since.

Yount, far from being a pariah, became a bulwark of the team, praised on all sides not just for his play but also for his team spirit, his unselfish attitude. His teammates showed no antagonism toward him. Their attitude was summed up by Sal Bando, now in the Milwaukee front office but at the time the Brewers' third baseman, who said, "Begrudge him? No. There's nothing worse than doing something you're not sure you want to do."

Friends now say that part of Yount's problem was a personal matter. Robin had been going with a California girl named Michele Edelstein, whom he had met in high school and who had lived with him in Milwaukee during the '77 season. Presumably, she told Yount that after the season she wasn't going to be just his girl friend anymore. She loved him and wanted to be his wife and the mother of his children, but she was going to stay in California for the time being. Yount was torn, Michele was tremendously important to him. Not until they worked out their future—the following

winter they were married—did he decide to return to the Brewers.

Now they have two children (Melissa, 3 in November, and Amy, 16 months) and are expecting a third next month, and Yount seems supremely happy. "I'm having so much more fun than when I was single," he says. "People think being single is great, but I need to be married and have kids." One of the "coolest" things about married life, he says, is to get up in the morning and take his kids into bed with him.

Looking back at his "retirement," Yount says only, "I was injured, I couldn't play, I had tendinitis in my ankles—I missed the last month of my first season with it—and playing ball wasn't much fun. We weren't winning, either. We'd lost nearly 100 games a year my first four seasons, and I like to win. And, well, I'm not very introspective, but I guess I was at an age, 20, 21, 22, when people wonder what they're going to do with their lives. I suppose I was beginning to wonder if playing baseball was what I wanted to do."

"I think now it might have been a part of growing up. I was very fortunate. Bud Selig was very patient with me. It's as though he said, 'Give the young man all the time he needs to straighten this out.'"

In retrospect, it seems extraordinary that a major league player, especially one as young as Yount was, could walk out on a team, threaten not to play at all, return suddenly and still retain the affection and respect of his teammates. Much of the regard for him probably stems from his unassuming nature, his distinctive personality. He has an old-fashioned kind of Western-movie look about him, lean and sawney, light blue eyes squinting against the sun, good eyes, pale eyes. He looks a bit like a young version of Russell Simpson, who played Henry Fonda's father in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Simpson was an actor who usually played mild-mannered sheriffs and decent citizens of the type who said, "Hold on now" to unruly lynch mobs and injected a note of common sense and reason. Yount is the same type: pale, scraggly mustache, slightly hooked nose, creases in his face when he smiles, thin friendly voice, bobbing-head hello. In short, a decent, admirable man, modest to a fault, but nonetheless sure of himself and of his ability. "I think Robin Yount can handle anything," says Harvey Kuenn, the current Milwaukee man-



Yount is the front-runner for MVP honors.

it was improving and was sometimes astonishingly good.

Yet that spring training Yount was restless and unhappy. He was hitting poorly and his ankles hurt. He hadn't yet signed his new contract, and he began talking of not signing at all, of giving up baseball. There were even reports that he wanted to quit to become a professional golfer. Yount denies he ever said this, at least not seriously. Rumor had it that some wealthy men in Palm Springs were going to underwrite him on the pro tour. The stories spread, and conversation

ager and once an outstanding shortstop himself.

The future seems almost limitless for Yount. He got his 1,000th hit two seasons ago, when he was still 24, and 3,000 hits—Hall of Fame territory—seems well within reach. "He's had nine years in the majors," Kuenn says, "nine years of learning how to play the game. He knows as much now as most players do when they get to be 32 or 33. But those players are beginning to go down in their natural skills, while Robin is still on the rise. He's

just coming into his own. The next five years should be his best."

Asked if he hopes to get 3,000 hits in his career, Yount, whose only expressed ambition in baseball is to be on the winning team in a World Series, says, "What happens, happens. I have no goals. I take each day as it comes." Outwardly, he shows little emotion, but he has said, "Inside, I get excited about everything I do." Despite his disclaimer, his remark that he has no career goals, who is to say Yount has never thought about his future, about

3,000 hits, about the Hall of Fame, perhaps even about surpassing the great Wagner and being recognized as the best shortstop in baseball history?

That's pretty farfetched, but don't dismiss the idea out of hand. While visiting his parents in California last year, Yount, now a responsible husband and father, tried to ride a neighbor's horse. His mother objected. "Robin, you can't ride a horse," she said. Yount replied, "Mother, there isn't anything I can't ride." Or do.

END

Ten Who Shouldn't Be Sold Short

Shortstop is a fielder's position, the most important part of the defense except for pitching. Third base has become more glamorous, with its spectacular diving stops, but the best third baseman isn't as good a fielder as the man playing next to him. If he were, he'd be the shortstop. There's more ground to cover over there, more balls to get to, more plays to execute. That's why third basemen have to be productive hitters; a team can't afford what Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver calls "the luxury of defense" at third base unless it gets hitting to go with the D. Shortstop is a different matter. Defensive skill is so important there that clubs have gone long periods with non-hitters at the position. Mark Belanger, a .227 batter who was the Oriole shortstop for 14 seasons, is a case in point. So was Detroit's Ray Oyler; in 1968 he batted only .135, but his fielding helped win the American League pennant.

But while baseball will accept a non-hitter at short, it prefers the competent fielder who can hit, or at least get on base and score runs. Given the choice, Weaver would have played a Vern Stephens at short instead of a Belanger, even though Belanger could field rings around Stephens. Stephens wasn't all that bad in the field; he just wasn't all that good. But what a hitter!

On that basis, taking into consideration both fielding and hitting and imagining which player would be preferred in an even-up trade, here are the 10 best shortstops of all time. (No current stars are included. Consideration of Yount, Dave Concepcion, Rick Burleson, Larry Bowa, Ozzie Smith and



Honest, Honus is still the best.

Garry Templeton must wait until their careers are over.)

1. **Honus Wagner** (played 1,950 games at shortstop, 1901-1917). He was a marvel. He was in his fifth big league season before he played a game at short and in his seventh before he settled there permanently, yet for a decade, playing for the Pirates, he was one of the best fielding shortstops. And he was far and away the best hitter in the league.

2. **Luis Aparicio** (1,581, 1956-73). He played more games at short, with the White Sox, Orioles and Red Sox, than anyone else and led his league more times in more fielding categories than anyone. For three straight seasons (1959-61) he had both the most total chances and the highest fielding average, a pretty fair measure of fielding superiority. He got his hits, too—2,677 of them—and was an electrifying base runner.

3. **Jack Glasscock** (1,628, 1880-95). He was the first truly outstanding shortstop, and he dominated the position for a decade. He and Aparicio are the only shortstops to lead in total chances and fielding average in a season three different times. Known as Peppy Jack, he played for seven National League clubs and led the league in batting (.336) in 1890.

4. **Ernie Banks** (1,125, 1953-61). After Wagner, he was the best hitter ever to play shortstop, and he was a much better fielder than he's given credit for. He was switched to first base two years after he led all National League shortstops in total chances and fielding average.

5. **Lou Boudreau** (1,539, 1939-52). Another fine hitter whose fielding skill tends to be for-

gotten. A broken ankle slowed him down, but his remarkable sense of position play made up for it. While spending almost his entire career with the Indians, he led the American League fielding average eight times.

6. **Arky Vaughan** (1,485, 1932-43). In a decade of great shortstops, during which he played mostly for the Pirates, he was the best, a high-average (.385 one year) line-drive hitter and a steady, dependable fielder who was also much better than his reputation would seem to indicate. (There's a definite syndrome in baseball thinking that goes, If a shortstop is a good hitter, then he mustn't be able to field.)

7. **Joe Cronin** (1,843, 1926-42). One more big hitter who was also a fine fielder, especially in his earlier seasons. He was a consistently good player for a long time for the Senators and Red Sox.

8. **Pee Wee Reese** (2,014, 1940-58). He and Phil Rizzuto (No. 10) were the shortstops on the two best teams in baseball for a decade and a half. Both were excellent fielders, superb base runners, deft burners, valuable offensive players. Reese was more of a team leader than Rizzuto and was better offensively. He wangled more than 1,200 walks and scored 1,338 runs, all for the Dodgers.

9. **Dave Bancroft** (1,873, 1915-30). He was an extravagant fielder for four National League teams whose brilliant plays more than made up for his frequent errors. He was a prolific run scorer and a team spark plug, a pennant-winning ballplayer.

10. **Phil Rizzuto** (1,647, 1941-56). The Scooter played shortstop in nine World Series for the Yankees, a record for the position. He was the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1950.

As for fielding alone, the 10 best glove men were 1) Aparicio; 2) Glasscock; 3) Ray McMillan; 4) Mickey Doolan, a better fielder than Wagner, his contemporary, but who couldn't hit as well as Wagner's cat; 5) George McBride, who couldn't hit as well as Doolan; 6) Everett Scott; 7) Belanger; 8) Bancroft; 9) Eddie Miller; 10) Marty Marion. —R.W.C.

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WILD EXCITEMENT



Rogers lobes one to Jason as Geoff plays the field.

by Ron Fimrite

This Rogers isn't very jolly

Expo Steve Rogers is even tougher on himself than he is on the hitters

Steve Rogers was busy doing his nails when Galen Cisco, the Montreal pitching coach, stopped by Rogers' locker to place the game ball in his shoe. Cisco poked Rogers congenially in the shoulder and screwed his features up into a good-luck look. Rogers, amused, smiled a thank you in return. He extricated the ball from his shoe, hefted it thoughtfully, then set it aside and resumed work on his fingernails. "It's a tradition," he said, referring to Cisco's dumb show, not the manicure. "Casey Stengel used to do that—give the pitcher the ball before a game to let him know he was starting that day—and Galen learned it from Casey when he was with the Mets. Pitchers know in advance when they're working now, so it's just a symbolic gesture."

Rogers, whose mother, Connie, is a distant relation of Connie Mack's, has a certain reverence for tradition, but he just as often flies in the face of it, especially in the company of the school-of-hard-knocks troglodytes he so deplores. And the nail polish? Did Stengel have his pitchers paint their nails before games? "My nails have a tendency to split," Rogers explained, "particularly when I'm throwing the slider, so I use a nail-hardening solution. Looks silly, I know, but it works."

That little clubhouse vignette demonstrates as clearly as anything the paradoxical nature of a man considered by many experts to be the best righthanded pitcher in the National League. His 17-7 record and league-leading 2.44 ERA at the end of last week make him a leading candidate for the league's Cy Young Award. "Cy," in fact, has been Rogers' nickname since his rookie season, though he disavowed it at this year's All-Star Game, in

which he was the winning pitcher, in deference to the two previous winners who adorned the National League clubhouse. Rogers accepts his game's hoary ways, but he insists on going his own way. Although he now lives in Tulsa, he's from Missouri, so he has to be shown.

Rogers is as amiable as the corner druggist in his old hometown of Springfield, and yet he has a reputation—pretty much deserved—for rebelling against authority. "I've created more problems in my life than I've solved," he says. He throws, with consummate skill, all the standard pitches—fastball, curve, slider, change—but he does so with a motion so unorthodox that it offends the sensibilities of pitching pundits. "He throws across his body and off a stiff leg," says

his teammate, reliever Woody Fryman. "You don't teach that anywhere." Rogers is cool and collected on the mound, but you'd never know that from watching him. Indeed, Barrymore as the Dane couldn't have conveyed greater anguish. Rogers contemplating the baseball suggested, for at least one Montreal sportswriter, "Hamlet with Yorick's head." Opponents find Rogers' suffering distracting. "He's great," says the Reds' Johnny Bench, "if you don't have to watch him."

Rogers' biggest critic, though, is himself. Scott Sanderson, his fellow Montreal pitcher, says, "He gets down on himself a lot because of how analytical he is. He's trying to reach perfection in a game where that's impossible. If he were a hot dog, he'd be laughing when he strikes out somebody. But with Steve, you only see the negative emotions. Even after a great game, you don't see him all smiles, because he's seen things he hasn't been pleased with. He's very hard on himself."

The suffering is real. Off the mound, Rogers is relaxed, philosophical even in the face of disaster. When his condominium in Montreal was gutted by fire last January, confining him, his wife, Barbara, and sons, Jason, 8, and Geoff, 6, to a small apartment during the rebuilding, Rogers said it was probably all for the best because now, surely, improvements would be made in the condo, particularly in the fireproofing. He understands that not all of his pitches can be strikes. It's just that it hurts so much when they're not.

In a sense, Rogers' only opponent on the diamond is himself. "The large majority of us pitch out of a fear of failure," he says. "Early in my career, I created a dislike for the hitter. But if you have to do that, it's more a sign of insecurity than anything else. Now I feel that if I make my pitch, I'm going to get the hitter out, no matter who's in the box. It's not an emotional confrontation. If my concentration is good, I'll avoid the emotional peaks and valleys. Thinking negative thoughts about the hitter just interferes with my concentration. I try to eliminate all that stuff and worry only about myself."

continued

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Rogers was born in Jefferson City, Mo., and raised in Springfield, in the southwest part of the state. His father, Dr. W.L. Douglas (Doug) Rogers, is a dentist there, and Steve, his two younger brothers and three sisters grew up on "the rich kids' side of town" in a handsome five-bedroom house. "I remember it all so vividly," he says. "On Saturdays we'd get up, grab a glove and choose up sides on the playground. We'd eat lunch as fast as we could, then go back and play until dark. I thought of that old park as being bigger than Yellowstone." At the University of Tulsa, Rogers earned a degree in petroleum engineering, a demanding discipline combining mathematics and chemistry, and had a 31-5 record on a baseball team that twice went to the College World Series. Montreal selected him in the first round of the secondary draft in June of 1971. Baseball won out easily over engineering.

The Expos called him up from the minors in July of 1973, and he won 10 games and lost five, completed seven of 17 starts, pitched three shutouts and finished with an ERA of 1.54. "It was the most unbelievable thing I'd ever seen," says Expos Manager Jim Fanning, then Montreal's general manager. "He was a good pitcher from the very minute he got to this club." In his first full season, Rogers was 15-22 for a fourth-place team, getting a decision in all but one of his starts. He also suffered from tendinitis from the second month on, the first of a succession of ailments that would hamper him for the next five seasons. In 1976 he broke a bone in his right hand, and in '78 he developed bone chips in his pitching elbow that required surgery.

In the meantime, Rogers clashed alternately with Manager Dick Williams and General Manager Charlie Fox, two hard-knocks grads and hidebound authoritarians. It didn't help that Rogers was—and still is—the Expos' player representative. On one occasion in July of 1978, the fiery Fox took a swing at Rogers after the player rep suggested that Fox quit disturbing the players in their clubhouse. Williams and Rogers sniped at each other—in person and in print—for the better part of three seasons. By the time Williams was fired last September, the two were scarcely speaking. Rogers felt that Williams overworked him in '79, when Rogers was recovering from surgery, and at the same time complained about his relative ineffectiveness. He has no love for

Williams to this day, but he also says, "When you're immature, you always feel put upon. In the end result, you have to make for yourself whatever you get. You can't blame things on someone else."

After a shaky first half in last year's divided schedule, Rogers finished with a rush, winning his last four starts, one in the regular season and three in the playoffs. His ERA in that stretch was 0.51. Unfortunately, his most memorable pitch of the year was to the Dodgers' Rick Monday at Montreal's Olympic Stadium, with the score tied 1-1 in the ninth inning of the final game of the league championship series. Monday hit it—"a sinker that didn't sink," says Rogers—over the fence in right centerfield to put the Dodgers in the World Series.

This season has been Rogers' best yet. As of last weekend, he ranked among the first five National League pitchers in wins, innings pitched, complete games and shutouts, as well as ERA. He also stands a chance to win 20 games for the first time in his career. And he has a new contract through 1985 that pays him about \$700,000 a year.

Furthermore, his nemesis, Williams, is long gone, he's renovating a grand old house for himself and his family in Tulsa, and the Montreal condo promises to be better than ever when rebuilt. "I feel really good about things," he says enthusiastically. Never mind how he looks out there on the mound. He's happy.

THE WEEK

(Sep. 13-19)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL WEST

"I'm like a kid in a candy store," said a jubilant Vida Blue after his one-hitter took care of Seattle 8-0 for Kansas City (3-4). Others found how sweet it was to help the Royals' cause: Steve Hammond singled in the 11th to beat the Mariners 5-4; Bill Castro, in his first major league start since 1975, defeated Seattle 5-2; and Hal McRae increased his RBI total to 123, the most ever for a designated hitter.

Minnesota (6-1), which had its finest week of the season, beat K.C. 5-4, 11-5 and 9-4. Against the Royals the Twins hit a total of seven homers. Ron Davis got his 20th save, and Jack O'Connor went the route in the 9-4 win. O'Connor had earlier beaten Texas 3-2.

Seattle (3-4) defeated Kansas City 4-2 as Floyd Bannister, Ed Vander Berg and Mike Stanton teamed up for a three-hitter and Joe Simpson hit a two-run triple in the ninth. In a

6-0 win over Texas, Bob Stoddard tied a team mark by allowing only two hits.

Fred Lynn stroked two game-winning hits for California (4-3): a pinch single in the seventh that beat Chicago 6-4 and a two-run single in the ninth that defeated Toronto 3-6. Those hits helped the Angels move into a deadlock for first with the Royals.

Chicago (3-4) kept its flickering hopes aglow when Jerry Koonson beat California 8-3. But Tony Bernazard was sidelined with a fractured left elbow. Mike Squares with a pulled hamstring, Brian Burns with a sore shoulder and Rudy Law with a bruised right ankle. Rich Dawson was healthy, but Oakland halted his victory streak at eight with a 2-1 win.

Charlie Hough of Texas (2-5) beat Minnesota 8-2 for his 15th triumph. Oakland (2-4) Manager Billy Martin's departure—with permission from owner Roy Eschenbush—during a 12-11 loss in Toronto marked more than a few A's. What prompted Martin to leave the premises was probably his players' ineptitude—nine errors last week. One player threatened to order room service and send the bill to Martin because, according to the player, Martin had knocked over a tubful of possums home in the clubhouse.

KC 84-65 CAL 84-65 CHH 79-69 SEA 70-78
OAK 62-47 TEX 50-50 MIN 56-93

AL EAST

As they have so often done, the Yankees (0-8) turned on the power in the stretch. New York hit 11 home runs, including four by Dave Winfield. That gave Winfield 13 in 21 games and 36 in all. During four games in three days in Baltimore, the Yankees slammed nine homers. Roy Smalley twice hitting two in one game. With such prodigious slugging, New York led 6-3 in the sixth inning of the first game, 4-0 in the fifth of the second game, 2-0 in the sixth of the third game and 5-2 in the sixth of the fourth game. Over the remainder of these games, though, the Orioles (7-1) outscored the Yankees 21-2 to win all four of them. The scores were 8-7, 5-4, 5-3 and 8-5, respectively. Eight RBIs by Cal Ripken—coupled with six New York errors—during the five-game series with the Yankees helped keep the unflappable Birds flapping. And their bullpen was superb: Rookies Mike Boddicker and Don Welch were winners; newcomer John Flinn, pitching in the majors for only the second time in two years, struck out seven in six scoreless innings en route to winning the second game, and Tippy Martinez had three saves. The O's won the fifth game of this series 3-1 behind the six-hit pitching of Jim Palmer (14-4). Rich Dauer's two-run homer in the 10th on Sunday made Mike Flanagan a 4-2 victor over Cleveland.

Milwaukee's starting pitchers no longer worked with the assurance that Redie Fingers could arrive from the bullpen to bell them

out. In fact, some Brewers feared that Fingers, who tested his sore right arm and admitted it still hurt, might be through for the season. Dwight Gooden (two saves) and Jim Sizemore (one save) helped ease Milwaukee's concern. Mike Caldwell threw a three-batter as he beat New York 14-0 that eliminated the Yankees from the race. Caldwell now has a 12-3 career record against New York, and his .800 winning percentage is the best ever for a pitcher with 10 or more wins over the Yanks. As usual, the Brewers (5-1) pounded the ball. Don Money had three RBIs as Milwaukee beat Detroit 6-2; Roy Howell had dino in a 5-3 win over the Tigers; Paul Molitor knocked in four runs to help beat New York 6-4; Gorman Thomas hit his league-leading 37th homer during a 14-1 rout of the Yankees; and Robin Yount (page 34) batted .519.

Boston (3-5) virtually dropped out of contention despite the efforts of Bob Stanley and rookie Wade Boggs. Stanley's 7½ innings of scoreless relief in a 6-2 defeat of Detroit gave him his 11th victory. Boggs batted .419. Although that performance raised his average to .374, Boggs doesn't have nearly enough plate appearances (327 through Sunday) to qualify for the batting title.

With Howard Johnson hitting .455, Detroit (13-4) regained fourth place. Milt Wilcox (11-8) and Dan Pety (15-8) defeated Boston 4-2 and 5-1, respectively, and Lance Parrish stunted Milwaukee 4-3 with a two-run homer in the 11th.

Ron Haasey of the Indians (4-3) hit an 11th-inning homer to beat the Red Sox 4-3 in the second game of a doubleheader sweep. Cleveland's Ed Whitson got the win in the opener by a score of 3-1. Then Dan Spillner gave up only one hit to the Sox in three innings while sewing up a 7-4 victory with his 19th save. Four RBIs by Von Hayes plus the pinching of Rick Sutcliffe (13-4) beat Baltimore 5-3.

Even last-place Toronto (4-2) did some scoring, defeating California 2-1 and 6-2. The Blue Jays' Dave Stieb yielded just one run and three hits in 11 innings in the first of those games but didn't get the victory. Toronto was in the 12th when Alfredo Griffin got on base via Reggie Jackson's two-base error and scored on Willie Upshaw's single.

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to an SI poll of big league players, the visiting clubhouses in these cities offer the best postgame spreads

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Kansas City: barbecued chicken
2. California: turkey, roast beef
3. Milwaukee: corn on the cob, lasagna
4. New York: Italian cuisine
5. Seattle: hamburgers, candy bars

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Houston: red snapper, rice
2. St. Louis: barbecued ribs and chicken
3. Cincinnati: barbecued ribs, coleslaw
4. San Francisco: lasagna, chicken
5. Los Angeles: roast turkey, ham

the season's first 20-game winner. But thereafter .191 hitting and a string of 25 innings without producing a single run sent the Phillies reeling.

Woes mounted in Montreal (2-4). Tim Lincecum confessed that he'd used drugs, although he insisted he'd quit "about four months ago." Manager Jim Fanning's migraines became so severe he was placed in Queen Elizabeth Hospital's intensive-care unit. Andre Dawson's homer in the 11th inning beat the Mets 6-5, but the Expos' opponents got most of the big home runs. Montreal blew a 7-0 lead against the Cubs (5-1), who prevailed 10-7 as Jerry Morales and Bump Wills each homered with two on in the eighth. Reliever Lee Smith saved that game, as well as 3-1 and 7-5 defeats of the Expos. Chicago also beat Pittsburgh twice, 7-3 and 7-2. The Cubs' Jody Davis had a total of five RBIs in those games, the second of which was Ferguson Jenkins' 27th career win. For the week Bill Buckner batted .444 as Chicago roughed up two of the East's contenders.

The Pirates (3-3) had anticipated a large crowd for the first of those games with Chicago, but they were disappointed when only 2,859 showed up. Many other fans preferred to watch the Steeler-Cowboy game on TV. "We played just like the crowd—our worst performance of the year," said First Baseman Jason Thompson. Pittsburgh bounced back with a 15-5 rout of the Cubs as Richie Hebner and Bill Madlock combined for 10 RBIs on just two hits—a brace of grand slams. Madlock drove in the two other runs with sacrifice flies. Manager Chuck Tanner's all-night line-up and Kent Tekulve's relief work helped Rick Rhoden defeat Carlton and the Phils 4-2. The big blow in that game was Brian Harper's three-run homer. Four hits by Mookie Wilson, who led off the game with a home run, helped the Mets (1-7) beat the Expos 9-4.

NL WEST After moving from sixth to fifth in the batting order on Sept. 6, Steve Garvey helped move the Dodgers (5-1) from second to first. Over a 12-game span, Garvey drove in 18 runs, the most vital RBI coming on a homer in the last of the 16th to beat San Diego 4-3. Los Angeles then shut out the Padres twice. Fernando Valenzuela defeated them 1-0 with a six-hitter, and Burt Hooton won 5-0 with a three-hitter. Valenzuela's 19th win came on Sunday when Pedro Guerrero's two-run double in the 10th beat Houston 5-4.

Second-place Atlanta (2-4) lost two key players for at least several days. Bob Horner hyperextended his left elbow, and Bruce Benedict bruised his right heel. But the Braves ended a four-game skid when Reliever Gene Garber sealed a 5-4 win in Cincinnati.

The Giants (5-2) refused to succumb. Dave Bergman's two-run home run in the seventh gave Alton Hershiser a 2-1 win over the Reds, and Chili Davis hit a two-run pinch homer in the eighth to defeat Cincinnati 4-2. Gary Lavelle got two saves, and Al Holland and Greg Minton had one apiece. Holland was also a 4-3 victor over the Padres, thanks to Tom O'Malley's RBI single in the 11th.

Slumps, injuries and grief hounded sagging San Diego (1-6). The Padres went 29 innings without a run and lost the 16-inning game to the Dodgers even though Joe Lefebvre went 6 for 8 and Gene Richards 5 for 8. Garry Templeton was sidelined by a lower-back sprain, and Sixto Lezcano went out after being hit on the hand by a pitch. Saturday brought the worst news of all: the death of Bulpen Coach Clyde McCullough. 65 McCullough had been largely responsible for the rapid development of the Padres' corps of good young pitchers this season.

Joe Niekro, who has given up only five earned runs in his last 53½ innings, was a two-time winner for Houston (4-2). Joe beat brother Phil and the Braves 5-3 and then

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BRUCE KISON: By defeating the White Sox 7-0 on seven hits and the Blue Jays 5-1 on four hits, the California right-hander helped the Angels tie Kansas City for first in the American League West.

muzzled the Dodgers 2-0 on two hits. Bruce Berenyi of Cincinnati (2-4) again pitched well—and again lost. In his last nine starts Berenyi has had a 3.03 ERA, but the Reds have come up with just 12 runs in those games, and he has lost seven times. Last week the Braves defeated him 6-1 and the Giants beat him 2-1 even though Cincy's Alex Trevino hit the first homer of his big-league career in his 1,057th at bat.

SEL 86-63 PHIL 81-67 MONT 70-69
PIT 79-69 CHN 66-83 NY 57-91

LA 85-65 ATL 82-67 SF 79-70
SD 75-75 HOU 69-80 CIN 55-94

MIL 89-60 BAL 87-62 BOS 82-67 DET 74-73
NY 73-78 CLE 72-76 TOR 69-90

NL EAST

Loss of good pitching moved St. Louis (7-11) in front by 4½ games. While winning seven straight, the St. Louis pitchers yielded only six runs. Reliever Bruce Sutter had a win and saved 2-0 victories for John Super (in Philadelphia) and Bob Forsch (in New York).

The Phillies (2-4) briefly took over first place early in the week when Steve Carlton did it all against the Cardinals. He pitched a three-batter, fanned 12, homered and became

The place where he belongs

by Jack McCallum

Disgruntled at Penn State, Jeff Hostetler has found a home at West Virginia



Schoolboy smart and farm-boy strong, Jeff Hostetler of Hollsopple, Pa., was the classic Penn State football recruit three autumns back—another eager young man from another small (pop. 900) Pennsylvania town on his way to fun and fame under Joe Paterno's wing. There was even a strong family link in that Jeff's older brothers, Doug and Ron, each had earned three letters playing for the Nittany Lions. Ah yes, there would be another happy Hostetler in Happy Valley.

It never happened. Hostetler, disheartened by what he considered unfair treatment by Paterno, announced that he was leaving Penn State in January of 1981 and enrolled at West Virginia the following August. Now he's happy again. "West Virginia? It's almost heaven," he says, echoing the song line like a born-again Mountaineer. But Hostetler's is no false conversion: He spent last summer working a coal tippie near Morgantown.

He has also made a lot of people in Morgantown happy by spending the last two Saturday afternoons leading West Virginia to victories. Two weeks ago Hostetler completed 17 of 37 passes for 321 yards and four touchdowns in the Mountaineers' 41-27 upset of Oklahoma in Norman. Then, at home, last Saturday against Maryland, he was 19-of-37 for 285 yards, and his audible led to a 35-yard fourth-quarter touchdown pass to Wide Receiver Rich Hollins that sealed a 19-18 win.

All of which leads to the suspicion that when Quarterback Oliver Luck, who last season guided West Virginia to a 9-3 record and now is with the Houston Oilers, graduated, he must have passed the keys to success directly to Hostetler, who had understudied Luck while observing the NCAA one-year ineligibility rule for transfer students. Hostetler's perfor-

mance against Oklahoma was impressive by any standard, but it was especially so because he hadn't taken a snap in game conditions since December of 1980.

Before the largest crowd in Oklahoma history (75,008), he rallied West Virginia from an early 14-0 deficit and then engineered two fourth-quarter scoring drives that broke a 27-27 tie. He didn't throw an interception, despite a ferocious pounding by the Oklahoma defense that prompted Mountaineer Trauper Greg Ott to simply put the word "body" next to Hostetler's name in the postgame injury report.

Although his play wasn't as sparkling against Maryland, Hostetler showed that he has a touch for all occasions. On the first play from scrimmage he floated a 43-yard toss into the hands of Wayne Brown. Later in the quarter he zinged a 21-yard bullet over the middle to Darrell Miller. And soon after that he led Mark Raugh perfectly on a rollout that gained 25 yards. He can even throw the ball away with style. As he was pursued hard from the right side on one play, he switched hands to avoid a sack and threw a left-handed pass that was good enough to avoid an intentional grounding call. That kept the Mountaineers in range for a 44-yard Paul Woodside field goal, one of four he kicked in the game.

Despite Hostetler's versatility, the word most people use to describe him is "strong." He's 6'3" and 212 pounds, and his nickname is Hoss, as in HOSS is HOSS, the message that appears on the Mountaineer Field scoreboard. Around Hollsopple, the family's last name is pronounced HOE-stetler, but Jeff's father, Norman, prefers HOSS-tetler. "I like that hard sound," he says. "I like the kid to be thought of as a hoss."

"The first time I saw him, saw his size and saw him throw. I knew he could be the one to replace Ollie," says Raugh, an All-America tight end who caught five passes for 49 yards against Maryland. "Jeff's a little better athlete than Ollie was," says Quarterback Coach Russ Jacques. "We can sprint out with him, run the option, do some things we couldn't do last year."

in two games as a Mountaineer, Hostetler upset Oklahoma and defeated Maryland.





Hostetler has given fellow Mountaineers like Hollins a lift with his arm—and his arms.

However, those things probably won't be as extreme as what Hostetler was called on to do his senior year in high school. Because there was a shortage of running backs at Conemaugh Township High, he became a tailback that season and gained more than 1,000 yards rushing. And, to boot, he made the *Parade* All-America team as a linebacker. As a sophomore at Penn State he won the starting quarterback job from another highly rated recruit, Todd Blackledge. But after three games, which produced wins over Colgate and Texas A&M and a loss to Nebraska, Paterno went with Blackledge as his starting signal-caller the rest of the season.

The Hostetler-or-Blackledge debate became hot stuff around State College, Pa. that year. Hostetler feels that if anything, his good-athlete tag hurt him, because many of the more vocal alumni saw him as a natural linebacker crammed into quarterback's clothing. Backing them up was the fact that Paterno had converted both of Jeff's older brothers from quarterbacks to linebackers—Ron in 1977, Doug in 1978. Hostetler feels Paterno may have been influenced by that thinking and those precedents. Paterno says no, that he always considered this Hostetler a quarterback. Be that as it may, Jeff wasn't his starting quarterback.

Hostetler soured on Penn State completely when, after a strong off-the-bench performance against Temple—the pro-

duced touchdowns on four successive offensive series—he didn't play at all against Pitt and very little in the Fiesta Bowl against Ohio State.

"When I came off the field after the Fiesta Bowl, I knew I was gone," says Hostetler. "I was Player of the Game against Temple, and I didn't get in the next week. Joe had told me I was starting. Then he told me, before the game, that he was starting Todd, but that I'd be playing a lot. But I didn't get in. What was this? When I told Joe I was leaving, he tried to talk me out of it, but what he said by that time didn't mean anything anymore."

"A lot of people don't seem to realize that we started Jeff before we started Todd," Paterno says today. "We reached the point, after the Nebraska game, where we had to make a decision. That didn't mean Jeff wasn't a good quarterback. It's just that we had to decide."

"Joe had to make a decision, and he made it," says Jeff's mother, Dolly, with a smile. "It's just that he made the wrong one."

The situation is awkward for both Hostetler and Blackledge, who remain fairly good friends. Blackledge, in fact, belongs to the Penn State Fellowship of Christian Athletes chapter that is directed by Doug Hostetler: Jeff is in the FCA chapter in Morgantown. But on the field, the situation has worked out well for both Blackledge now has thrown four touchdown passes in each of unbeaten

Penn State's three games this year, and Hostetler, after just two games, is making his way to the top of the pedestal vacated by Luck just nine months ago. And the similarities between Hostetler and Luck extend beyond the gridiron.

Luck graduated with a 3.95 cumulative average (one B in four years), while Hostetler has a perfect 4.0 average in finance. He just might be the only quarterback in the country with only one interception after two games and no Bs after two semesters.

West Virginia Coach Don Nehlen even gives Hostetler a slight edge in the All-American Boy competition. "Ollie once in a while could look pretty scruffy," says Nehlen. "He'd check in wearing bib overalls, sneakers, maybe a two-day growth on his face. Next time you'd see him, he'd have on a \$300 sport coat. But with Jeff, he's always consistent, always the same."

The Hostetler clan is unusually close. They should be called the Hug-stetlers, judging from their displays of affection outside the locker room last Saturday as 16 of them gathered after the game. Never will their emotions be running higher than on Oct. 23, the day Blackledge, Paterno and the rest of the Nittany Lions come to Morgantown. The love for Penn State still runs deep in Norman and Dolly Hostetler, who by their own reckoning have seen close to 100 Nittany Lion games in the last decade. Even now, their youngest son, Todd, is the third baseman for the Penn State baseball team.

"It's going to be a tough, tough day," says Dolly shaking her head.

"It's going to be interesting," says Jeff with a tight smile.

THE WEEK

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

SOUTH Florida State Coach Bobby Bowden could see exactly how it would happen. He'd alternate quarterbacks against top-ranked Pitt, using strong-armed Blair Williams for long passes and option specialist Kelly Lowrey to wear the Panthers down. On a humid night in Tallahassee, Pitt's big, but slow, defense would wilt. "We had it working perfectly," Bowden mused after his Seminoles had lost 37-17 despite jumping to a 10-0 advantage and being tied

continued

17-17 at the half. "Then that rain washed it all away. It was cold after the rain came." So was the FSU offense. Après le déluge Lowery, who doubles as the Seminole punter, mis-handled the snap and kicked the ball straight up in the air. Whereupon another Lowery, Pitt's Art, took it and went five yards for a TD. Panther Quarterback Danny Marino completed 13 of 22 passes for 133 yards and two TDs, one to Flanker Julius Dawkins for 16 yards, and another for three yards to Tight End John Brown.

"In the third quarter you're supposed to make things happen," said Clemson Coach Denny Ford, echoing Bowden's sentiments after the Tigers' 17-17 tie with Boston College in which Clemson squandered a 14-0 halftime lead. "Well, Boston College did and Clemson didn't." Specifically, BC Quarterback Doug Flutie got warmed up on his way to an 18-for-35, 242-yard performance. The nation's top passer going into the game, Flutie shook off two first-half interceptions to lead a pair of Eagle TD drives, throwing 15 yards to Split End Jon Schoen for the second BC score. The Eagles eventually went up 17-14 on Kevin Snow's 37-yard field goal. Clemson kicker Donald Igweburike, who tied the game from 43 yards with 5-40 to go, missed from the same distance at 08.

"We needed some momentum, that's why we went for it," said North Carolina Coach Dick Crum of his decision to try for a first down on fourth-and-one at his own 43 despite trailing Vanderbilt 19-3 in the second quarter. Tailback Ethan Horton, filling in for Kelvin Bryant, who had sprained an ankle earlier, picked up eight of his 201 yards rushing on the play. The Tar Heels went on to convert two more fourth-down situations in the 90-yard, 22-play drive, which ended with Horton going over from the one, again on fourth down. Carolina held Vandy to 31 yards rushing in winning 34-10.

Alabama limited Mississippi to just 12 yards on the ground and picked off four passes in its 42-14 win. "This is as close to the best Alabama team I've ever seen," said Ole Miss Coach Steve Sloan, a former quarterback under Crimson Tide Coach Bear Bryant. "They have no weaknesses." The Tide began rolling after Mississippi pulled to within 20-14. Sloan called for an onside kick that Burns recovered, and two plays later Tide Quarterback Walter Lewis ran 16 yards for a touchdown. Alabama Fullback Kirk Turner scored three TDs as Bryant won his 317th game and 30th straight from a former player or coaching protégé. The Bear now has a 40-5 record against his erstwhile pupils.

Crumbling State's Eddie Robinson, who is right behind Bryant among winningest active coaches, won game No. 299 with a 31-14 defeat of Alocorn State.

Miami and Auburn won in Pyrrhic fashion, each losing preseason All-Americans to injuries for the year. Hurricane Quarterback Jim

Kelly became his school's career-completers leader, completing 17 of 24 for 207 yards and a TD in Miami's 14-8 defeat of Virginia Tech. But after picking up 20 yards on a scramble in the fourth quarter, he took a pop from the Hokies' David Marvel that separated his right shoulder. Auburn Defensive Tackle Donnie Humphrey injured his left knee just before halftime of the War Eagles' 21-19 defeat of Southern Mississippi. The Auburn defense, given a 21-6 lead on Randy Campbell's TD passes of 47 and 51 yards to Split End Mike Edwards, needed Linebacker Gregg Carr's 21 tackles to stave off the Golden Eagles.

Oklahoma intercepted Kentucky Quarterback Randy Jenkins four times in its 29-8 de-

field goal in the fourth quarter. The boot was equal to the longest in Tech history and gave Rice a school-record five field goals in one game.

EAST Penn State's junior quarterback, Todd Blackledge, has a 4.0 average this semester. In each of the Nuttany Lions' three games, Blackledge has thrown for four touchdowns, tying the school record for scoring passes in a game. Among his 15 completions in 24 attempts during Penn State's 49-14 defeat of Rutgers were TD throws to Curt Warner (for 22 yards), Gregg Garney (for nine), Mike McCloskey (for eight) and Kenny Jackson (for seven). Blackledge needs only four more scoring passes over the next eight games to break the school record, shared by Chuck Fusina and John Huftagel, for TD passes in a season. As Blackledge filled the air with passes, two Lion runners quietly achieved milestones of their own. With 49 yards on the ground and 39 through the air, Warner, a senior tailback, became the Penn State career leader in all-purpose yardage with 3,880. Halfback Jon Williams' 47 yards rushing made him the 17th player in the school's history to run for more than 1,000 yards in his career.

"I found I was getting better control and more distance," says Mike Bass, Illinois' unshod kicker, of his decision to shed his right shoe over the summer. Bass, the son of San Diego Charger Defensive Coordinator Tom Bass, booted four field goals, including a 53-yarder, five PATs and 10 kickoffs into the end zone as the Illini defeated Syracuse 47-10. Illinois Quarterback Tony Eason, who was 26 of 38 for 293 yards and one TD, didn't leave the game until less than three minutes remained. "Tony needs the work, the practice, the chance to read defenses," explained Coach Mike White, sort of.

Army's Craig Stropo had four field goals, too, as the Cadets beat Lafayette 26-20; Temple got 209 yards rushing on 24 carries from Harold Harmon to shut out Delaware 22-0; and Colgate, though outgained on the ground and through the air, beat Lehigh 21-14. Ivy League co-favorites Yale and Dartmouth lost, the Elis 28-21 to Brown and the Green 21-0 to Penn, which snapped a 24-game road losing streak. Princeton downed Cornell 41-36 as Quarterback Brent Woods completed 20 of 33 passes for 287 yards and three touchdowns and Running Back Farris Curry went over from four yards out with :54 remaining. Reserve Quarterback Don Allard's two TD passes lifted Harvard past Columbia 27-16, and two scoring runs by Peter Muldoon, Holy Cross's quarterback, paced the Crusaders in a 27-14 win over Massachusetts.

"That was a classic," wheezed Rhode Island Coach Bob Griffin while sprawled on the grass outside the URI dressing room after the Rams had won a 58-55, six-overtime game with Maine that took three hours, 46

SI TOP 20

1. PITT (2-0)	1*
2. WASHINGTON (2-0)	2
3. GEORGIA (2-0)	3
4. SMU (2-0)	4
5. NEBRASKA (2-0)	5
6. ARIZONA STATE (3-0)	6
7. FLORIDA (2-0)	8
8. PENN STATE (3-0)	9
9. N. CAROLINA (1-1)	10
10. ALABAMA (2-0)	11
11. ARKANSAS (2-0)	12
12. NOTRE DAME (1-0)	16
13. MICHIGAN (1-1)	7
14. MIAMI (2-1)	14
15. AUBURN (2-0)	17
16. W. VIRGINIA (2-0)	15
17. SOUTHERN CAL (1-1)	18
18. TEXAS (1-0)	20
19. BYU (1-1)	19
20. BOSTON COLL. (1-0-1)	—

* Last week

feet of the Wildcats; North Carolina State ripped Wake Forest 30-0 as freshman Mike Coker kicked three field goals and Tol Avery, a senior quarterback, completed 14 of 22 passes for 202 yards; Duke's Ben Bennett hit Chris Castor with touchdown passes of 36 and 10 yards in the Blue Devils' 30-17 win over South Carolina in Columbia, S.C. before the largest crowd—66,928—ever to watch a football game in that state. Elsewhere, LSU routed Oregon State 45-7; Mississippi State rolled past Memphis State 41-17; and James Madison defeated George Welsh his first victory as Virginia's coach by winning 21-17.

Georgia Tech snapped its 11-game losing streak with a vengeance, trouncing The Citadel 36-7. Quarterback Jim Bob Taylor completed 14 of 18 passes for 216 yards. Tailback Robert Lavette ran for 148 yards and two touchdowns, and Ron Rice set one Yellow Jacket record and tied another with a 55-yard

minutes and is believed to be the longest game in modern collegiate history. "I just decided it was time to have a winner and a loser." Trailing 55-52, Griffin passed up the chance to kick another tying field goal and called Wide Receiver T.J. DeSanto's number on an end-around with fourth-and-goal at the two. DeSanto scored his fourth touchdown of the game, so ending 51 minutes of matching touchdowns and field goals under the Yankee Conference's NCAA-approved tie-breaker system. The score at the end of regulation was 21-21; nine touchdowns and three field goals later, Rhode Island had its victory.

MIDWEST "We just went high and left out the dive," said Nebraska Tight End Jamie Williams of the arms-a-their-sides leaps he and teammate Todd Brown performed after Brown's 18-yard touchdown catch midway through the Huskers' 68-0 romp over New Mexico State. Their fearless highs were in response to Coach Tom Osborne's ban on excessively euphoric post-touchdown rituals, but afterward Osborne admitted it was his offense, which set NCAA records for first downs (43) and total yardage (853), that should have shown some restraint. "I felt a little bad about things toward the end," said Osborne, who pulled starting Quarterback Turner Gill and 1-back Mike Rozier for the second half, which began with the Huskers up 28-0. "I didn't quite know how to get things shut down." A thigh bruise shut down Running Back Roger Craig in the first half, and he's questionable for Nebraska's next game, with Penn State. How will they do? "I don't think they're a college football team," said Aggie Quarterback Jamie McAlister. "They could probably play the Pittsburgh Steelers tomorrow and win."

In contrast, Purdue Coach Leon Burgett high-fived every black jersey in sight after the Boilermakers took a 10-7 lead late in the first half against Minnesota. His celebration was premature. A snap over Purdue Punter Matt Kinner's head led to a Gopher safety and Minnesota's Mike Hohensee (18 of 24 for 254 yards and two TDs) completed four straight passes in the final minute of the half, the last on Tailback Tony Hunter's 36-yard romp with a screen pass, as the Gophers rolled to a 15-10 halftime lead en route to a 36-10 win.

"It wasn't bad for a conservative coach, was it?" UCLA's Terry Donahue said after his Bruins had beaten up on Wisconsin 51-26, gaining 300 yards and a 30-6 lead in the first half. Quarterback Tom Rumery threw for two TDs and ran for two others, and the Bruin defense so limited the Wisconsin running game (66 yards) that a wide receiver, David Keeling, led the Badgers in rushing with 35 yards on six reverses. "There are days when you ask yourself why you ever coach," said Wisconsin's Dave McClain. "This was the worst football game we've played in I don't know how long."

For the third straight year, Iowa State Kicker Alex Giffords provided the winning margin against Iowa. Giffords booted four field goals and one PAT in a 19-7 victory. Senior Linebacker Mark Carlson, who ruptured an eardrum during the summer when a pipe valve exploded near his head, had 11 tackles and a fumble recovery in the fourth quarter that led to one three-pointer.

Ohio State broke a 10-10 tie with three fourth-quarter touchdowns to beat Michigan State 31-10; Kansas routed TCU 30-9; and Miami of Ohio beat Northwestern 27-13 to run the Wildcats' loss streak to 34 games.

WEST "My quarterback is one of the five best in the country," said San Jose State Coach Jack Elway after that quarterback had completed 21 of 40 passes for 285 yards and three touchdowns and run three yards for the winning score in a 35-31 upset of Sunford. "I don't want to compare him with any other around here." Translation: Jack Elway's quarterback is Steve Clark.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE San Jose State Wide Receiver Tim Kearse, a 5' 11", 188-pound senior, had six catches for 163 yards and three TDs and threw a pass for an 84-yard touchdown in a 35-31 upset of Sunford.

DEFENSE USC Safety Joey Browner, a 6' 3", 205-pound senior, recovered a fumble, made eight tackles and ran three punts back for a total of 87 yards and a touchdown in a 28-7 victory over Indiana.

son, and Jack Elway didn't want to compare Clarkson with his son, John Elway, who many observers believe is the best in the country. Elway fits went 24 of 36 for 382 yards and two TDs, but the Spartan pass rush sacked him four consecutive times in the last four minutes to preserve the victory. Clarkson, who John helped his father recruit, threw six passes to Wide Receiver Tim Kearse for 163 yards and three TDs. Kearse, in turn, tossed an 84-yard touchdown pass to Wide Receiver Tony Smith on a flea-flicker.

Washington Quarterback Steve Pelluer threw two touchdown passes following recoveries of Arizona fumbles and the Huskies scored on four of their first seven possessions to build a 20-0 lead in a 23-13 win over the Wildcats. The Washington defense sacked Arizona Quarterback Tom Tunnicliffe seven times for minus 58 yards.

Southern Cal sophomore Sean Salisbury completed 13 of 22 passes for 171 yards and two TDs and Joey Browner returned a punt 54 yards for another touchdown in a 28-7 win over Indiana; Tight End David Lewis and Running Back Scott Smith each scored two TDs in California's 28-0 romp over San Die-

go State; Colorado shut out Washington State 12-0 for the Buffaloes' first road victory (and the Cougars' first scoreless effort) since 1979; and New Mexico Running Back Mike Carter ran 10 times for 111 yards in the Lobos' 49-21 defeat of Nevada-Las Vegas.

SOUTHWEST Navy and Arkansas had never played before, so Razorback Coach Lou Holtz didn't quite know what to expect. "All I know about Navy is that they're on our side," he said before the game. After the Midshipmen had played the Hogs tough in a 29-17 Arkansas win, Holtz was impressed. "We got outplayed, outcoached, outeverything-ed. I guess we did look all right leaving the dressing room." The Razorbacks, however, nibbled away. Their longest run was for 13 yards and they put the game away with an 89-yard, 18-play, passless drive that used more than nine minutes of the third and fourth quarters. Running Back Darryl Bowles, who picked up 49 yards in that march, finished with 138 and a TD on 27 carries. Navy's Marco Pagnaselli gave the Hogs secondary fits, completing 19 of 30 passes for 274 yards and two TDs.

Almost a month after beginning fall practice, Texas opened its season—with a passing game that seemed to need some work. Quarterback Robert Brewer completed only three of 11 for 28 yards and suffered an interception, so the Longhorns relied on Tailback Darryl Clark and Fullback Terry Orr to beat Utah 21-12. Clark had 66 yards on 20 carries, including a total of 162 yards on the first and final Longhorn TD drives of the day. Orr scored on runs of five and 22 yards.

Though the Arizona State defense set up all 17 of the Sun Devils' first-half points in a 24-10 win and forced six Houston fumbles, pecked off two passes and blocked a punt, Cougar Quarterback Lionel Wilson said, "We made them look better than they are." Part of the problem was Wilson himself, who was still nursing a tender ankle that had kept him out of the previous week's loss to Miami.

Tailback Eric Dickerson scored two touchdowns, one on an 80-yard run on the game's second play, as SMU defeated Texas-El Paso 31-10. Dickerson, a 6' 3", 215-pound senior, had 165 yards on 16 carries, giving him a school-record 3,181 yards for his career. Craig James, who shares time with Dickerson in the Mustangs' I formation, gained 103 yards on 18 carries to mark the sixth straight game in which both have rushed for 100 or more yards.

Texas A&M ran up its highest point total since 1944 in a 61-22 drubbing of Texas-Arlington as David Hardy scored 19 points on seven PATs and four field goals, including a 57-yarder. Texas Tech beat Air Force 31-30 on a two-point conversion pass by Jim Hart, who also threw for three TDs; Tulane downed Rice 30-6; and Tulsa beat Oklahoma State 25-15 on Sunday night.

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◆ RENAULT
American Motors

by William Taaffe

Ferdie Pacheco, the NBC boxing consultant and commentator, has been out of sorts lately. What's bugging him? "You need to have the cunning of a Venetian dog to make a fight," he says.

Ah, the wonders of boxing. Ah, the intrigue of a subworld in which promoters lie to you yesterday only to tell you the truth today, in which fighters drop out of scheduled TV bouts pleading manufactured ailments, in which promoters like Don King and Bob Arum try to take advantage of 54-year-old innocents like Pacheco. "If you go into this business like a lamb to the slaughter, believe me, you're going to be slaughtered," says Ferdie. "You've got to say, 'Hold it! I know you're a wolf, but I am also.' The fighters and promoters divide themselves into feudal states. This guy won't come out of his fortress to fight this guy, and this guy won't fight that guy. All of a sudden you have to be Machiavelli to make a fight."

In less time than it took Tony Ayala to knock out Robbie Epps (92 seconds, NBC, Aug. 1), Pacheco has made his

mad Ali, the network had to agree to carry such travesties as Holmes-Lorenzo Zanon and Holmes-Alfredo Evangelista. But beginning with a super bantam-weight fight between Jackie Beard and Jose Cuba last May, ABC has cleaned up its act, airing one good match after another. Bob Iger, the network's director of program planning for sports, should take a bow.

HBO, the pay-television arm of Time Inc., has also had more than its share of mismatches. Of the six bouts it has shown this year, only three could honestly have been called competitive when they were made. HBO would broadcast your Aunt Ethel if she agreed to fight Hagler. In fact, it has agreed to show Hagler's fight with Fully Obelmejias on Oct. 30, which may be worse. On the credit side is HBO's junior welterweight title fight between Alexis Arguello and Aaron Pryor scheduled for Nov. 12.

NBC also has had some dogs this year, largely because of an oral agreement the network has with Lou Duva and Shelly

Finkel, who manage several promising boxers, including Ayala, Alex Ramos and Johnny Bumphus. As recently as a year ago, Pacheco was arranging surprisingly competitive fights featuring these fighters as well as other talented upcomers. However, once these youngsters showed what they could do, NBC had difficulty finding worthy opponents for them, but the network put them on anyway. "Now it's all over: the dance is through," says Pacheco.

The network that has best avoided mismatches is CBS, which embraced the lightweight division last year and held on for dear life. In the process CBS has made Boom Boom Mancini and Arguello TV household names. Mori Sharnik, CBS's in-house boxing adviser, has the same fear as Pacheco: The networks, blind to almost everything but the ratings, may be tempted to show their favorites against anyone instead of broadcasting competitive bouts between lesser-known boxers.

"The promoters watch the Richter scale," says Sharnik. "They watch what ratings a guy gets. Then they go around in your wake and tie the fighter up. So if you want a particular match, you've got to go to them. You don't want to get into their box. You don't want to be their captive. If you only have one supplier, the price is set by him."

But even Sharnik sometimes puts ratings ahead of artistry. He approved the July 31 Arguello fight with Kevin Rooney, who had about as much chance of winning as Czechoslovakia did in World War II. For Nov. 13 Sharnik has agreed to a dubious Mancini title bout against one Deak-Kuo Kim of Korea, the WBA's No. 1-rated contender. Kim, who has never set foot on Western soil, is an unknown commodity. Just because he is anointed by the WBA doesn't make him suitable for an appearance on national television.

Not surprisingly, this unsettling state of affairs occurs at the very time boxing is scoring a TKO over

continued

The networks fight it out

In the duke-out over ratings, boxing has proved that it packs a big punch

point. Viewers are getting less competitive fights than they're entitled to because television is beholden to the promoters. TV develops a market for certain fighters and then watches the promoters swoop in, sign them to long-term contracts and pit them against tomato cans. The result? Mismatch City.

Earlier this year that dismal metropolis was otherwise known as ABC. In one of the network's fights, Caveman (or should it be Cavem?) Lee started seeing stardusts at 1:06 of the first round of a bout with Marvelous Marvin Hagler. ABC only wanted fights involving marquee names like Hagler, and whatever King dished up, the network gulped and swallowed. Thus, for years ABC had reluctantly accepted quid pro quos from King. For example, to get Larry Holmes-Muham-



Albert (right) plays the foil for the witty Pacheco.



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its TV competition. The networks covet fights, says Pacheco. "For the same reason that millions of people traveled to the Klondike and California and the Spindards crossed oceans and deserts—gold, my friend, it's the gold rush." This year, CBS, ABC and NBC each will air about 30 fights. Even when a near codaver is fighting an out-of-shape pants presser, boxing will prevail in the Saturday afternoon ratings. No wonder Gerry Cooney is hawked electric shavers with his mom and Ayala's pop appears on a national beer commercial.

Item: On June 5 a fight between Renaldo Snipes and Tim Witherpoon on ABC beat the Belmont Stakes on CBS 9.9 to 8.8 in the ratings (the percentage of TV households tuned in).

Item: Two weeks later a brawl between Clint Jackson and Frank (The Animal) Fletcher on NBC beat golf's U.S. Open on ABC 6.8 to 5.7.

Item: Even NBC's atrocious Ayala-Epps fight on Aug. 1 was victorious. Final score: Ayala-Epps 5.9, ABC's National Sports Festival and CBS's Talladega 500 both 5.0.

"In the last six months, boxing has been used as the greatest counterprogramming tool in sports history," says Mike Cohen, former director of sports information at NBC and now a boxing promoter. "Golf, tennis—it kills those events. Basketball and horse racing, same thing. The only sport boxing probably can't beat is professional football."

There used to be an unwritten rule, mentioned sotto voce around the networks, that on TV a black couldn't fight a black and a Hispanic couldn't fight a Hispanic. The apparent demise of that rule testifies to boxing's current acceptability in the hinterlands. So does an interesting trend in the networks' "overnight" ratings, which measure viewership in New York City, Chicago and Los Angeles. A few years ago, boxing averaged some two points higher in large cities than it did elsewhere. Now the ratings are roughly the same for all sections of the country.

One unwritten commandment in television that survives is "Thou shalt not put on a fighter who has lost more than two bouts—or, pushing it, three." This chew-'em-up, spit-'em-out approach lends some observers to predict that TV will

exhaust the supply of boxers just as it did in the 1950s. That's nonsense, at least as long as today's two cable networks, ESPN and USA, continue to act as the sport's farm system.

HOW THEY CALL THEIR PUNCHES

ABC gets the nod for best camerawork. Its mixture of tight and wide shots allows viewers to see which fighter is cutting off the ring. The lack of commercials on HBO should give us time to hear the corner men between rounds. Indeed HBO makes the corners, but chatterbox Barry Tompkins keeps drowning out the handlers. More on ring talkers:

ABC—Using one announcer works only with Howard Cosell, who's more tolerable here than on football. He has a knack for detecting subtle shifts in momentum. Keith Jackson runs out of insight at the weigh-in.

CBS—Manager-turned-matchmaker-turned-analyst Gil Clancy tells us exactly what we want to know: the strategy Boston should use to defeat Palooka. Clancy's street-tough accent also is fitting. Tim Ryan rates an A as straight man. Glamour boy Sugar Ray Leonard adds nothing but his name.

NBC—Together with Clancy, Ferdie Pacheco is the crème de la crème. He's humorous, incisive, opinionated. Subject to a possible conflict of interest because he announces the fights he buys, Pacheco has proved himself to be evenhanded. Marv Albert: The perfect foil for Pacheco.

ESPN—Resident barker at its fights is Sal Marchiano, a screamer who also works for ABC. Analysts Randy Gordon and Al Bernstein are, respectively, knowledgeable and cliché-prone. Their round-by-round scoring of lopsided bouts puts you to sleep faster than *Love Boat*.

HBO—Will someone please tell Sugar Ray to stop purring the pounds his partners make? Why not replace him with tough, perceptive Larry Merchant, the third member of the HBO team, during rounds?

USA—The talkers are furnished by Madison Square Garden and L.A.'s Olympic Auditorium, which provide the Friday night card. It's usually amateur night at the mike, but the Garden's monotonous John Cerdon is at least has been around the ring.

—W.T.

ESPN is to boxing today what the old fight clubs were to it 25 years ago. ESPN's Thursday night boxing series, promoted by Arum, has helped develop for the major networks such fighters as Bobby Czyz, Donald Curry and Dwight Braxton. Some of ESPN's worthies are as

incompetent in the ring as Too Tall Jones, but at least viewers are warned of the fighters' inexperience by the announcers. The real problem comes with ESPN's "big name" Saturday night bouts, which began Sept. 4. Also staged in conjunction with Arum, they can charitably be likened to a meat market sweepstakes. One month does not a season make, but ESPN's need for a boxing adviser has quickly become apparent. This Saturday night it plans to curry Czyz against Chris Limon, who shouldn't be in the same ring with Czyz.

Two weeks ago, ESPN featured Gerrie Coetzee against an alleged opponent, Stan Ward. "If I lose to Stan Ward, I no longer belong in the ring," said Coetzee, whereupon he dispatched Ward at 2:10 of the second round. The fight reportedly cost ESPN \$150,000.

So where does this leave us? Because the FCC doesn't allow the networks to promote fights directly, television isn't likely to get out from under King, Arum, et al., anytime soon. Having Shamik, Pacheco and Iger serve as quasi-matchmakers—saying no to this fight from King, no to this bout from Arum, and yes to this match from a new promoter such as Phil Alessi—is the best TV can do at the moment.

But the networks could stop lending credibility to the WBA's and WBC's rankings of boxers, which are outlandishly political. How about using the ranking system of an independent organization with no sub-rosa ties to promoters, such as the International Boxing Writers Association? Also, no network should cede power to a promoter by signing long-term contracts with fighters or agreeing to quad pro quos. There should be no rematch options. Let "one contract, one fight" be TV's manifesto. Finally, there's a need for more journalism from the networks. Tell us how many heavyweights King has hidden beneath his wings and why Greg Page most likely will never fight Michael Dukes. (King controls both Page and Dukes, and he doesn't permit his boxers to fight one another.)

As Pacheco says, boxing has turned into a gold rush. With a few broadcast rules, we'll all be richer in spirit and much better served.

END

by Clive Gammon

It's a one-man show that has been staged many times in the NASL the past seven years. It's called *Chinaglia Strikes Again!* and the most recent revival came Saturday night in Soccer Bowl at San Diego. The championship game between the Cosmos and the Seattle Sounders was half an hour old, and the Cosmos' striker, Giorgio Chinaglia, might as well have been in New Jersey pondering his real-estate interests for all the impact he was having on the game. The rest of the Cosmos hadn't been making their presence felt either, as the Seattle attack hurled raid after raid at a defense that looked as if it might crumble any second.

But then Cosmos Sweeper Carlos Alberto picked up the ball in the middle and got it to Midfielder Julio Cesar Romero, who, in the way the Cosmos run things today, had learned less than four hours earlier that he would start. Romero slid the ball to the suddenly manifest Chinaglia, who bulled his way by hapless Defender Benny Dargle and hammered it high and to the right of Paul Hammond in Seattle's goal. It was 1-0 Cosmos, and that was the way it stayed.

This was the eighth Soccer Bowl and the first to rematch previous opponents. Five years ago the Cosmos beat the Sounders 2-1 for the title. And who scored the winner then? Chinaglia, of course. But that wasn't the end of the similarities between Soccer Bowl '82 and the game five years ago.

As in 1977, a great Brazilian player would bow out of the sport after this year's game. Then it was Pelé. Now it was Carlos Alberto, that stalwart defender and captain of his nation's World Cup-winning team in 1970, whose quizzical, intelligent face, lined like a road map, shows all of his 38 years. He would be seen in serious action for the last time.

And, as in '77, U.S. pro soccer's annual showpiece was played in a somewhat out-of-the-way setting. Then it was the down-at-heels Civic Stadium in Portland, Ore. On this occasion it was San Diego's less-than-pristine Jack Murphy Stadium. Also harking back to the '77 Soccer Bowl was the presence last week



Chinaglia, here mixing it up with Ian Bridge (5) and Dergie, got the game's only goal.

By Giorgio, he did it again!

Giorgio Chinaglia revived his one-man show as the Cosmos won Soccer Bowl

of Steve Hunt, the other hero of the earlier game. In Portland, Hunt had been presented with a gift-wrapped goal when Seattle Goalie Tony Chursky, in a tragicomic lapse of concentration—which, he claims, he has recalled every day since—gently rolled the ball onto Hunt's toe. Hunt has changed in the five ensuing years. He plays in midfield now, and the long blond hair that used to stream behind him as he streaked down the field is thinner and much shorter.

The nostalgia supply ran out right there, because much more has changed in the NASL since 1977 than the length and quantity of Hunt's hair. The creaky stadium in Portland was jammed to its 35,548 capacity; in San Diego only 22,634 fans rattled about in Jack Murphy, which holds 50,000. In 1977, the league's golden era was just over the horizon. The days when sellout crowds of 76,800 filled Giants Stadium for Cosmos

games did come, but in 1982 that sort of turnout is a thing of the past, like the limitless optimism of NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam.

Whatever happened to that rosy glow? Pretty much everything. Woosnam was in effect demoted in June when Howard Samuels was brought in to fill the new job of league president. In San Diego, Samuels, a 62-year-old New York businessman and politician and soccer player as an MIT undergraduate, said starkly, "Professional soccer in this country is a total failure." He was brought in by the league to direct a desperate salvage operation. He has allotted two years to accomplish it. Samuels estimates NASL franchise owners may have lost as much as \$800 million over the past 15 years. This season alone, he says, with attendance down yet again—by 18%—and the franchises at Edmonton, Jacksonville and Portland in imminent dan-

ger of folding, the average deficit for an NASL club has been considerably more than \$1 million.

And so, at the President's Reception earlier in the week—until Samuels' arrival it had been called the Commissioner's Reception—the talk was of gloomy paradoxes and odd panaceas. The chief paradox was the fact that the league's parlous state coincides with an upsurge in U.S. youth soccer that, in some areas, has more youngsters playing that game than are turning out for football or baseball. The most-discussed panacea was Samuels' concept of making the U.S. national squad a franchise in the league, thus pitting a team of the best American players against the foreign-dominated NASL sides and allowing the league to cash in on patriotic fervor.

As it happened, the clouds over San Diego last week weren't merely metaphorical. Hurricane Norman stirred up rainstorms that threatened to turn Jack Murphy into wetlands worthy of the Sierra Club's attention. In the omens department, though, the league could take comfort from the sun that shone through on Saturday. That at least guaranteed a crowd that wouldn't be as humiliatedly small as pregame ticket sales had indicated it might be.

And for once, also, Soccer Bowl didn't look like a mismatch. Though Seattle had gotten off to an unhappy start in the regular season—it had been 0-4, then 4-9—the Sounders had ended up winning the Western Division, having scored just

one fewer goal, 72 to 73, on the year than the Cosmos. In the teams' two regular-season meetings, each game resulted in a 3-2 score, with the home side on top.

The way Soccer Bowl started, it looked as if Seattle would play the home-team role this time. The Sounders had almost all of the crowd support, probably because San Diego and Seattle at least have the Pacific Coast in common, and all the early play was theirs. BRING PRO SOCCER BACK TO ORANGE COUNTY read a banner produced by the Surf Wipeout Club, clearly a last-ditch guerrilla unit battling for the revival of the now-defunct California Surf. The Wipeouts cheered almost hysterically as Peter Ward, the Sounders' English striker, came close to heading in a pass by Gary Mills. Next it was Jeff Stock, a home-grown product from Tacoma, Wash., chipping a left-foot shot that Hubert Birkenmeier, the Cosmos' goalie, misjudged. The ball was just wide. Then the Sounders forced three successive corners. High balls were obviously troubling Birkenmeier, who looked shaky.

When Steve Daley, the Sounders' most dangerous attacker, just missed with a 25-yard screamer and, moments later, Birkenmeier sank to his knees to save a shot from Mark Peterson, it looked as if the game would surely go Seattle's way. It was shortly thereafter, at 30:17, that Chinaglia went into his act.

"What people don't understand," Alan Hinton, Seattle's coach, said later, "is Chinaglia's sheer strength. Look at the way he's built, the shoulders. He can bull a defender right off the ball, entirely legitimately, and get his shot in."

And Dargle added ruefully, "He turned away to shield the ball from me"—those big shoulders were the barrier—"and instead of holding my ground, I tried to go for the ball." That gave Chinaglia the opening to twist and get a fast shot in. "It was my sort of ball," he said.



Romero (right) initiated the Cosmos' scoring play.

"I snap it up." He sure did, nullifying all of Seattle's brilliant first-half play. The goal was the Cosmos' first really threatening movement; for the half Seattle out-shot them 10-5.

In the second half, Daley's powerful running might have put Seattle on equal terms. He broke through on the right and found Ward, unmarked, in front of goal. His pass to Ward was too far in front. Offside. And that was virtually that. By the end, even Sounder toughies like Alan Hudson were permitting themselves to be hustled off the ball.

Hunt summed it all up. "If Seattle was going to win," he said, "it was going to be in the first half hour. That's the way they always play."

"For us," he went on with a fine disregard for mixed metaphor, "it was a question of hanging in and climbing the mountain. You can write Giorgio off, but he won the championship for us."

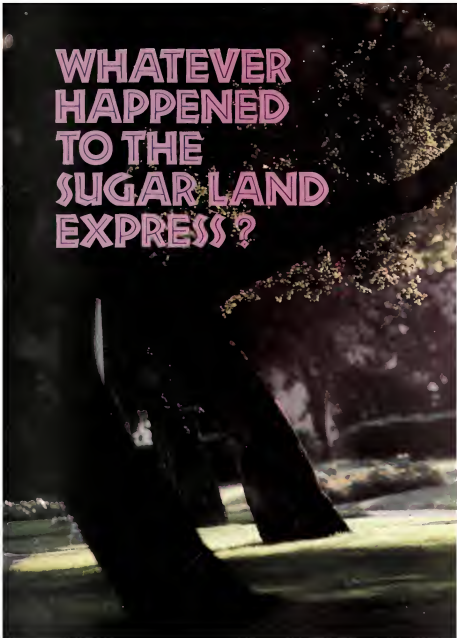
Nevertheless, the way the Cosmos hung on to their slender lead presented no cause for rejoicing by Samuels and franchise owners hoping for the league's resuscitation. It was dour, possession soccer. "They came to win, not to entertain," said Hinton after the game.

The most gripping moment of the day, in fact, came in the Cosmos locker room at game's end, as Roberto Cabañas and the rest of the team's Latin players shimmed to a samba beat, keeping time by crushing Gatorade container lids together, and sang "Carlos Alberto" to the tune of Guanabana. Wearily, running with sweat, Alberto smiled, which was more than the NASL can do these days. **END**



Old boss, new boss: the commish, Woosnam (left), and the president, Samuels.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE SUGAR LAND EXPRESS?



The record book attests that he's the greatest high school running back ever, but he was a flop in college and the pros. Nonetheless, three decades after Ken Hall turned on a Texas town, he has it made in the shade

**BY DOUGLAS S. LOONEY
AND CARLTON STOWER**



CONTINUED

MOST YARDS RUSHING CAREER

11,232	Ken Hall (Sugar Land, Texas)	1960-68
7,738	Billy Sims (Houma, Texas)	1952-75
7,656	Steve Tate (Luther, Okla.)	1952-76
7,652	David Overstreet (Big Sandy, Texas)	1972-76
7,340	Mack Foycheta (Jayton, Texas)	1972-75
7,260	Bruce Mitchell (Big Sandy, Texas)	1969-71
6,557	James Cooper (Raymond, Miss.)	1967-80
6,450	Jeff Womack (Warren County, Tenn.)	1979-81
6,280	Alfred Sonnen Collins (Madisonville, Ky.)	1960-71
6,137	Herschel Walker (Waycrossville, Ga.)	1977-79



Ken and Gloria have no regrets about the way their wheel of fortune turned

Ken Hall's life seemed all too perfect on a recent evening as he walked out the front door of his San Marino, Calif. home with his wife, Gloria—his high school sweetheart, of course—at his side. The soft music from the stereo in the family room followed them, and a breeze gently stirred the leaves of elm trees. Indeed, the combination of Southern California weather, this neighborhood, those cars in the drive and the elegance inside can do a lot to smooth life's rough edges. The entire scene was a quintessential testimonial to the fulfillment of the American dream, which is why it seemed incongruous to hear Hall musing, "Failure teaches you one thing. It teaches you you don't want to fail again."

Hall, 46, the upwardly mobile execu-

tive vice-president for Sweetener Products Company, a Los Angeles firm that distributes sucrose, relates more to failure than success. All at once, his is a story that is too sweet and too bitter.

Ken Hall, you see, is the best high school football player ever. Period. Nobody else is even close. Billy Sims, Doak Walker, Tony Dorsett, Herschel Walker, Earl Campbell . . . all you guys sit down and shut up. Today, 29 years after he finished his career at Sugar Land (Texas) High School, Ken Hall still holds 12 national records.

Playing tailback in the single wing, he rushed for a career 11,232 yards. Second, with a paltry 7,738 yards, is ex-Oklahoma star Sims, now with the Detroit Lions, who amazed everyone as the ultimate back while playing for Hooks (Texas)

High. In most yards rushing in a single season, Hall is first with 4,045 in 1953. He is also second with 1,458 in 1952. In his four-year career, Hall scored 899 points, second is Mike Atkinson of Princeton, N.C., who, between 1977 and 1980, scored 672—227 fewer than Hall. That's almost 38 touchdowns. In total career offense, Hall accounted for 14,558 yards, 3,107 more than No. 2, Ron Cuccia, who played quarterback at L.A.'s Wilson High in 1975, '76 and '77.

In addition, according to the Kansas City-based National Federation of State High School Associations, Hall holds national records for most points in a season (395), most touchdowns in a season (57) and in a career (127), total offense in a season (5,146 yards), most 100-yard games in a career (38), most consecutive 100-yard games (21), most average-yards-rushing per game in a season (337.1) and most total offense per game for a season (428.8). Says Hall, "It was the winning that was fun, not the statistics."

What makes Hall's records even more remarkable is the fact that he generally played little or not at all in the second half of a game, humiliation not usually being a yardstick of prep sportsmanship. Against Houston Lutheran in 1953, Hall set the national single-game rushing rec-

ord of 520 yards on only 11 carries, a 47.3 yard average. He played only a few minutes in the second half. That mark was broken in 1974 by John Bunch of Elkins, Ark., who ran for 408 yards. But he carried the ball 38 times and played the entire game. Says Bunch, now a law student at the University of Arkansas, "Hall must have been pretty good."

He was the Sugar Land Dandy, the Sugar Land Express, the sugarcroated halfback, one sweet talent. He was junior class president, graduated third in his class of 24, and was voted Most Handsome at Sugar Land High in 1953. Gloria was football sweetheart and valedictorian. On their first date in 1952, they drove to Rosenberg to see the film *Golden Girl*. They shared a soda (vanilla) at White's Café. "Everything he did was always so right," says Gloria. Hall's coach at Sugar Land, L.V. (Dugan) Hightower, says, "He wouldn't say — if he stepped in it." He sang in the church choir, of course. Can you stand it? Gloria has a sign on her kitchen windowsill in San Marino that says BLOOM WHERE YOU

ARE PLANTED. Kenneth Hall bloomed in Sugar Land.

Then he went off to college at Texas A&M. And he failed. He was a spectacular failure, a lights-out failure, a flamboyant

He quit midway through his sophomore year, then begged and cried his way back onto the team for his junior season, but then quit again. He never started a game for the Aggies and didn't letter. The coach didn't like the way Hall didn't



Sons Chuck (left) and Mike played high school football, and if they follow in dad's footsteps, they should rise to the top in the business world.



block and the way he didn't play defense and, truth be told, the way Hall didn't think the moon was hung on football. Hall wasn't amused by the coach's colorful language and abusive manner.

The coach was Bear Bryant, who when asked the other day what went wrong with Ken Hall, responded, "I don't think anything went wrong with him. It was me. I was stupid. You're a fool to think, as I did as a young coach, that you can treat them all alike. He should have been an All-America for me. With him, we'd have won the National Championship in 1957. Without him, we lost it."

continued

**MOST YARDS RUSHING PER GAME
SEASON (MINIMUM 8 GAMES)**

377.1	KEN HALL (Sugar Land, Texas), 1951	4,045/12
368.0	BILLY SANS (Hicks, Texas), 1973	3,980/10
216.6	DAVID OVERSTREET (Big Sandy, Texas), 1975	3,032/14
214.6	JEFF WOMACK (Waller County, Texas), 1981	1,931/9
211.1	HERSCHEL WALKER (Wrightsville, Ga.), 1979	3,167/15
208.1	LEON PATRICK (Gasper, Ark.), 1979	1,665/8

continued

Hall ultimately wandered off to play pro football in Canada with the Edmonton Eskimos in 1957 and then returned for brief stints with the NFL and the AFL and the NFL again.

By 1962, Ken Hall was back home in Sugar Land, working as a tour guide for the Imperial Sugar Company, which

his high school prowess. "All that was 30 years ago," he says. "I've found that people who live in the past are unhappy with the present. I love the present." Says Gloria, "The best days of our lives are these days." Unlike so many, Hall has been busy through the years proving that there is life—yes, even a meaningful life—after football.

And he isn't the least bit miffed to be a legend largely forgotten. Standing alongside the Georgia practice field the other day, Herschel Walker—who rushed for 3,167 yards in 1979 as a high schooler in Wrightsville, Ga. to become No. 4 on the

alltime single-season rushing list (remember, Hall is first and second) and who had 32 100-yard games in his high school career, second on the national list (remember, Hall is first)—was asked if he knew of Ken Hall. "What did he do?" Herschel said.

What did he do?

Sugar Land used to be the textbook example of an idyllic little town where high school football was king, men were men and women were women—and all knew their place. Now, sadly, Houston is just about to overrun Sugar Land. Already, the surrounding developments are called Sugar Lakes and Quail Valley, and the men eat quiche. Because folks in Sugar Land always knew what God intended, women weren't allowed in the local high school quarterback club. Five years ago, the doors were opened to women. "That ruined it for most of us," says T.C. Rozelle, who years ago worked with Hall at the sugar company.

Nothing much ever happened in Sugar Land, except Ken Hall. Runner-up was the flood of 1913, followed by the flood of 1929. Nobody famous, except Ken Hall, ever came out of Sugar Land. Maybe the name of the town always made it hard to take seriously. Whatever, high school football was its alpha and omega.

Kempner Stadium, the field that Hall made sacrosanct, is still there. Dogan Hightower stood on the 50-yard line a few weeks ago and said, "This field still shakes. Lord, I'd give anything to see him out here one more time." His eyes glazed at the prospect. It's the classic high school field—the light poles block the vision of fans, are hazards to the players and produce inferior illumination.

As Hightower recalled one incredible Hall feat after another, he kept pointing here and there, showing his visitor where it had all happened. Like the game against Orchard High when Hall took the first snap and went 80 yards on a sweep right for a touchdown. Oops, Sugar Land's Gators were offside. So Hall immediately called the same play, only as a sweep left, and went 85 yards for a touchdown. "Just as soon as he scored," Hightower said, "I noticed somebody calling time out. Nobody was hurt and so I asked the official, 'What's the time-out for?' And he said, 'I called it for me, dammit. That No. 31 of yours is running me to death.'"

continued



Hightower, Rozelle, Shelton (from left, above) know Hall could have been great at A&M. Bryant said so in the letter Hall's mother is holding.

owned a lot of the town, not to mention the hearts and souls of its inhabitants. Says Hall, "It was a good job."

Wrong. It was a lousy job. But Ken Hall doesn't complain about anything. Almost three decades after his glory days, Hall's attitude toward that period is perfect: He simply doesn't think about it. He doesn't talk about it with friends. He can't recall the games, much less specific plays. He has nary a single picture or trophy on display in his home to document



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MOST 100-YARD GAMES CAREER

38	KEN HALL (Sugar Land, Texas)	1956-53
32	HERSCHEL WALLACE (Wrightsville, Ga.)	1977-79
32	JEFF WIMACK (Warren County, Tenn.)	1979-81
31	ERIC DICKERSON (Seely, Texas)	1975-78

CONSECUTIVE

21	KEN HALL (Sugar Land, Texas)	1952-53
18	JEFF WIMACK (Warren County, Tenn.)	1979-80
15	HERSCHEL WALLACE (Wrightsville, Ga.)	1979
14	JEFF WIMACK (Warren County, Tenn.)	1980-81
13	ERIC DICKERSON (Seely, Texas)	1978

continued

Ah, yes, 31 in your program (he picked the number because it was the reverse of 13, the day he was born in December 1935 in Madisonville, Texas) and first in your heart. "Kenneth would be standing still," Hightower said. "First step he was full speed. I mean, he would take off on that sweep like a deer buck that you surprise in the woods. He could hunt that open field better than anybody. And when he passed by those linebackers and raised up, he was flyin'. He might could leave them all a standin' there."

In that game against Houston Lutheran, Hall also scored 49 points to beat by one the national single-game record set by Dick Todd of Crowell, Texas in 1934. Todd, who went on to play halfback for the Washington Redskins and is now a farmer and rancher near Crowell, says, "I think people are always proud of the person who breaks their record. I was. Besides, the point wasn't the records. It was to play the game and see who was best." Typically, Hall doesn't recall anything

about the Houston Lutheran game. He scored seven touchdowns, seven extra points (he's fifth on the national records list for extra points with 137), returned a kickoff 64 yards, ran back a pass interception 21 yards, returned a punt for 82—and wound up with 520 yards rushing. And he doesn't have the foggiest about it. "There were a lot of games I only played a quarter," says Hall. "I remember one game where I never got tackled. I carried the ball, let's see, maybe seven plays altogether. Or did I dream that?"

His question is legitimate. With legends, the line between fact and fiction is thin. Dugan, for example, swears that in the Lutheran game, Hall was told to kick the extra point that would give him the record at 49. Instead, says Hightower, Hall ran it in and came off the field explaining that he ran because he wanted to be sure. "No, no, no," counters Hall. "Whatever the coaches told me to do, I did." Hall's version rings true because he was the rare athletic bird who listened, said yesir and did it. Hightower also swears that Hall didn't even come out for football his freshman year (1950) until after Sugar Land had lost five straight and the school superintendent made an urgent appeal. With Hall on the scene, Hightower says, the Gators won the last four games by a combined score of 131-7 and Ken scored 58 points. Hall's recollection

is that he was on the team the whole year, but it wasn't until the sixth game of the year, against league-rival Santa Fe, that the Gators finally won, 53-0. Previously, Hall recalls shakily, he mostly passed, but "Nobody was open so I started running, and I thought, 'Hey, this ain't so bad. Why not do it more?'" And sitting there in San Marino, with a Bud and a cigarette and the glasses he now wears for the fine print, the 240-pound Hall, 35 pounds over his playing weight but still looking fit, allows himself a tiny little smile.

The legend is that Ken Hall led his team to a 37-1-1 record (the one loss being a game he missed with a neck injury) and three straight regional championships, then the ultimate honor for B-level football in Texas. The truth seems to be that Hall led his team to a 37-6-1 record and three regional championships in four years. Either way, pretty good. It's the same for all legends—20-yard runs in 1953 become 30-yard runs in 1963 and 50-yard runs in 1973, and today are vividly recalled as 82-yard power sweeps in the rain and wind, in which every defender was juiced down and Hall was the only one with goat-sure footing in the game played in a hurricane.

In Hall's last high school game, the Gators beat Magnolia 13-6 for the 7B regional championship. Hall scored both touchdowns, kicked an extra point,

continued



Light towers still obscure the view of the field where Hall ran wild, but fans are few now that the home team is Dulles High's frosh squad (in red).



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100 YARDS RUSHING SEASON

	YARDS
4,045 KEN HALL (Sugar Land, Texas)	1953 12
3,438 KEN HALL (Sugar Land, Texas)	1952 12
3,367 STEVE TATE (Leather, Okla.)	1975 14
3,367 HERSCHEL WALKER (Waynesville, Ga.)	1979 15
3,360 KEN HALL (Sugar Land, Texas)	1951 12
3,080 RILEY SMITH (Hocks, Texas)	1973 10
3,070 BEARIE MITCHELL (Big Sandy, Texas)	1913 14
2,832 DAVID CHAMBERLIN (Big Sandy, Texas)	1975 14
2,825 RILEY SMITH (Hocks, Texas)	1974 15
2,785 TERRY MATHIS (Colorado Springs)	1973 13

continued

rushed for 143 yards and returned an interception for 46 yards. Statistically, it was, by far, his worst high school performance.

What did he do?

Kenneth Hall, son of the Sugar Land constable (who died five years ago), grew up on Brooks Street, fishing for anything dumb enough to get on his hook in Oyster Creek. Again, the legend is Hall burning to play football after his dad put a football in his crib; the truth is he was just as happy riding his bike and playing trumpet in the band. Former Sugar Land High Band Director James D. Gary recalls Ken as an "excellent high school musician." That's how legends should be recalled. The truth is, Ken played the trumpet to please his mother and, like all kids, failed to practice nearly enough.

That was painfully clear when Hall was called upon to play *Standards* at his junior/senior prom. He did, complete with his face turning "red, green and blue from effort and embarrassment."

So how well did you do?

"I don't know. I don't remember."

But I bet everyone said you were great?

"I don't remember anybody saying that."

Ken's mother, Imogene, says her son was "just average. He always wanted to be around home, and especially when it was roostin' time, he wanted to be home in his bed. Football was never talked about in our house. He felt if he played good, that was great, and if he didn't, he didn't. I enjoyed it when we won and hated it when we lost. That's about it. Kenneth was no more special to me because he picked up a football. Should he have been?"

Sugar Land never really thought he was special, either. Which is just the way Ken liked it. Former teammate Ernest Trevino, 48, who played wingback and

still lives in Sugar Land, is asked if Hall ever gave him any advice. Says Trevino, "I was good enough to know what I was doing without him telling me."

Hall was so good, the people in Sugar Land got the blips over him; he was supposed to do what he did. Against East Chambers his junior year, Hall produced a 21-0 lead the first three times he touched the ball. He ran back the kickoff for a score. He returned East Chambers' first punt for a score. He ran for a touchdown on Sugar Land's first play from scrimmage. Says Hightower, "It was no big deal to Sugar Land fans. It was natural. They expected it." "Actually," says Imogene, "the games got kind of boring with Kenneth scoring and scoring. But don't forget there had to be 10 other little boys who played with him. See, somebody had to fix it so he could go around the end."

But they didn't have to fix it a lot. Bobby Williams, now an assistant coach at Rice, played for rival Missouri City against Sugar Land. He says of Hall, "He could run, pass, catch, punt and kick. What he was was a big Doak Walker with 9.7 speed." How he got so good and so fast, nobody knows. His father, Curtis, could "run like a sage hen," says Imogene, so some of it may have been in the genes. Hall had an upright running style, and he'd roll his shoulders—a trick good running backs use to be more elusive. "Plus," says Hall, "I could maneuver a little."

Naturally, there are those who say the competition was inferior, and at times it was. But the facts are, hundreds of thousands of other players have encountered similar opposition over the years and not come close to Hall's achievements. Ken Hall was no fluke. "I hope all my records are broken," he says. "The point is, when you live in a small town with only about 100 kids in school, you really don't stop to consider that others might be interested in what you're doing."

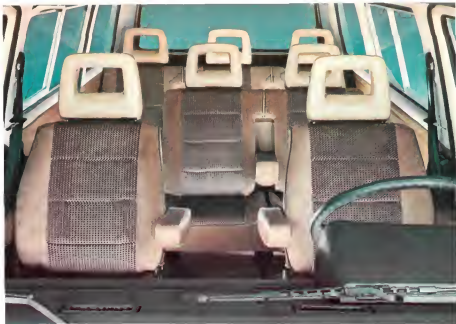
In addition to his football heroics, Hall was a starter for the Gator basketball team and twice led Sugar Land to the state Class B track and field championship, scoring 38 points in the state meet

continued



Hall was a doorman at the Prisons Theatre in high school, and when his football career ended he came home to work for Imperial Sugar.





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MOST POINTS CAREER

899 Ken Hall (Sugar Land, Texas)	1956-53
672 Mike Atkinson (Princeton, N.C.)	1977-80
664 Doc Toot (Cromwell, Tenn.)	1930-34
664 Dennis Marlan (Martinsville, Va.)	1974-77
629 Doug McCutcheon (Brazos, Texas)	1966-69
620 David Overstreet (Big Sandy, Texas)	1973-76

SEASON

399 Ken Hall (Sugar Land, Texas)	1953
364 David Overstreet (Big Sandy, Texas)	1975
356 Albert Green (Elkins, W. Va.)	1932
333 Brett Gentry (Dawson City, Texas)	1960

continued

in his sophomore year (a national high school record until it was broken in 1976 by Frank Pollard, now a Pittsburgh Steeler running back) and 36 in his junior year. He ran the 100 in 9.7, the 220 in 21.4, the 440 in 49 flat; he long-jumped 23 feet and put the shot 53' 7"; he ran the anchor leg on the 440-yard relay; and occasionally he threw the discus and competed in the high jump.

In Hall's senior year, W.E. White, the superintendent of Sugar Land's schools, was convinced that with the proper training Hall could compete in the decathlon at the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne. "It was an idea that really fascinated me," Hall admits. "The only events I'd not done were the pole vault and the javelin and I felt I could learn them. Mr. White and I talked about it a great deal, and I was excited about the possibility."

A hamstring injury suffered in the spring of his senior year not only put the decathlon dream on the back burner, but also cost Sugar Land a third straight state track and field title.

"He pulled the muscle at the Iky City Relays and was on crutches for a while," says Hightower. "but he got well enough toward the end of the season to qualify for the state meet again. When we got to Austin, we wrapped the leg good and thought he'd be O.K. I remember before he was to run the 100, I told him to go over and take one of his throws in the shopnet while he was still fresh. It wound up being the only throw he took, and it stood up for second place. In the 100, he was leading by almost 10 yards when he pulled the muscle again and wasn't able to finish. That was it for him."

When Hall's records are recited, Hightower points out, one of the most impressive is always overlooked. "In four years, he scored 83 points in the state track meet. I don't think you're going to be able to find anyone who has ever come close to that."

Around Sugar Land in Hall's playing days, football was definitely Topic A

when the men would gather at the Sugar Land Pharmacy and the barbershop next door. Hightower recalls that when he arrived in town to be an assistant to the head coach, the late Chuzzy Jenkins, he went to his first quarterback club meeting and found the initial order of business was chartering buses for the playoffs.

That seemed a bit premature to Hightower because not a single game had been played. "You are all crazy," he said. To which a club member stood up and said, "At the end of the season, you and Chuzzy are gonna be on a bus one way or the other." They were, winning their third straight regional in 1953, Hall's senior year.

Rozelle and Herb Shelton, another longtime fan, were sitting around Hightower's kitchen table recently, laughing, drinking coffee and telling lies, and Shelton said, "We knew way back then we were really enjoying ourselves but we also know Kenneth's greatness grows over the years."

in Stafford, is Ronnie Bell. "I just can't understand how good Hall must have been," he says. "But there are probably not a lot of people who even remember now."

Correct. Further, there is almost nothing around Sugar Land to perpetuate the memory of the finest high school player ever to buckle a chin strap. The newspaper office burned down, destroying many of the accounts and records. The current local sports editor has never heard of Ken Hall. The trophies are, well, who knows. There are none at the high school. Hightower thinks he has a few but can't put his hands on them. Gloria says there may be some out in the garage, but she would have no idea where to look. There are only a few photographs, a couple of films, no plaques.

The new football stadium at Dulles High is named after Edward Mercer, a former school superintendent. Leslie A. Wheeler Jr. Fieldhouse is named for a former school board president. There is a John Frankie Field, named after a former football player and head basketball coach



No. 31 led Sugar Land to a 37-6-1 record and three regional championships in his four-year career

Truth be told, Hall is being forgotten rapidly. In 1959 Sugar Land High was closed by that breed of wrong-thinkers who infect the country and who think taking a little high school away from a proud little town and making one big high school for a lot of towns improves education. The current coach at the consolidated high, John Foster Dulles H.S.

at Rice, the airport is Don Hull Airport, for the man who built it. Around old Sugar Land High, now Lakeview Elementary School, with its glorious oak and pecan trees, there is a tree dedicated to M.R. Wood, a former school board president. There is a PTA tree dedicated to G.D. Ulrich. There is no Kenneth Hall tree. In 1980, it was proposed to the city council

continued

MOST TOUCHDOWNS CAREER

127. KEN HALL (Sugar Land, Texas)	1950-53
98. MIKE ALLEN (Frisco, N.C.)	1977-80
97. DENNIS MAHAN (Martinsville, Va.)	1974-77
92. ROBERT ALEXANDER (South Charleston, W. Va.)	1974-76
82. CURTIS WARNER (Fayetteville, W. Va.)	1976-78
81. WOODIE PETERSON (Perrin, Tex.)	1968-71
87. MARCEL DUNN (Ocala, Fla.)	1979-81
84. HERSCHEL WALKER (Wynnewood, Ga.)	1977-79
84. ERIC DEANER (Smyth, Texas)	1975-78
83. DICK HORTON (Smyth, W. Va.)	1963-66
78. BILLY SMOO (Ocala, Texas)	1972-75

continued

that a new street be named Ken Hall Thoroughfare. Ultimately, the city fathers named it Jess R. Pirtle Boulevard, in honor of a local civil engineer, who, Hightower says, "did lots of things for the town."

What did Ken Hall do?

Naturally, every college that pumped up a football wanted him. He chose Texas A&M because, among other reasons, it was close. That, as it turned out, was the only good thing about A&M for Ken Hall.

"When he showed up in College Station," says Jack Pardee, the former NFL All-Pro and head coach who was an All-America fullback and linebacker at Texas A&M when Hall went there, "I looked at a guy that big [6'1", 205 pounds], with that speed and those motor skills, and I figured I had just been demoted to second string. He was the prototype back." A classmate of Hall's was Hallback John David Crow, who would win the Heisman trophy in 1957. "Lord knows I love Coach Bryant to death," Crow says, "but I'll say this, if Kenneth Hall had gone to play under someone like Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma, the world would never have heard much about John David Crow." Says Bryant of his ill-fated relationship with Hall, "I guess I should have hugged him."

Pardee, now a vice-president in marketing for the Runnels Mud Company, an oil drilling business in Midland, Texas, suggests that Hall's world-class failure at A&M was "because Coach Bryant believed that you played defense first and then found a position in the offense. So Ken Hall had his skills reversed." Almost inexplicably, Bryant shuffled Hall, always a tailback, to fullback. Never mind that Hall had never been taught how to block. Bryant was irate when Hall couldn't block. Then Bryant made Hall a fullback (they played both ways in those days), though he had always played defensive back in high school. Then Bry-

ant got mad when Hall got married to Gloria in his sophomore year. For some reason he didn't care so much that John David also was married. Says Pardee, "Hall wasn't quite mean enough for Coach Bryant."

That's correct, and perhaps a byproduct of growing up in Sugar Land, where, Hightower admits, "It was no big deal if one of the boys on the team did something wrong, ran the wrong way or something. We'd just say, 'That's O.K. Let's

him. But it's not sad. Just disappointing." Pardee, "No, it's sad."

When the A&M freshmen opened their season, Hall was at fullback and Crow and Loyd Taylor were at halfback. The first time Hall carried the ball as a collegian, he ran for a touchdown. By season's end, he was the Southwest Conference's leading freshman scorer with 30 points—five touchdowns in five games. He had gained 206 yards on 26 carries, an average of 7.9 yards per rush.



The football hero was voted Most Handsome in his class and played the trumpet in the school band.

make it right." And it was no big deal during high school that Hall left football practice early every Wednesday to work as a doorman at the Palms Theatre. But Hightower says, "When it all happened at A&M, I blamed Bear. Now I've changed my mind. It was just two personalities that didn't congeal. I think the both of them were just as much to blame."

Imogene isn't quite so charitable. "Kenneth isn't a quitter," she says. "But Bear Bryant just wasn't real nice to him. Here Kenneth was after four years of being treated great and suddenly he's being run down, shoved around and talked ugly to. It does something to a fellow." Recently, Bryant sent Hall a letter saying how wrong he had been and Hall wrote back saying, "Don't worry, it's O.K." In the view of Shelton, Bryant "didn't have sense enough to know how to handle

Though not happy with the role of fullback, Hall felt he had performed well in his first year. As an added bonus, he received a medal for being the Outstanding Freshman Marching Cadet; he also was successful as a member of the freshman track team. But the A&M football coaches cared about only one thing: that Ken Hall couldn't play linebacker worth a damn.

Midway through his sophomore year, Hall became disenchanted. "I worked hard," Hall says, "but I was sitting on the bench. After our seventh game I decided I couldn't stand the situation anymore and went home to Sugar Land and got married."

Fearing later that he had reacted too emotionally in quitting the team, Hall approached Bryant about returning for spring training that year. The Bear accepted him back, and Hall immediately



Hall got plenty of fan mail but never lettered at Texas A&M, where Crow (44) won the Heisman

set about to challenge Pardee, who would be a senior, for the starting fullback job.

His junior season, however, was more of the same. Hall grew weary of the practice-session criticism he received and the spot duty he was dealt on game days, and again became discouraged. Still, he worked, hoping to convince Bryant and his assistants that he could contribute.

"Before we were to play Baylor mid-way through the season," Hall recalls, "I was told I was going to start. Jack Pardee was injured and I was eager to get my chance. But just before the kickoff, Bryant told me he had decided to start Jack. As I remember it, I played some, gaining pretty good yardage every time I carried the ball, but just as soon as I felt I was really getting into the flow of the game, they would take me out. Before the game was over I found myself standing on the sidelines, wondering if I really wanted to play anymore.

"After the game I told Coach Bryant I was leaving. That was it. No discussion or anything. Maybe he just didn't think I could play. I don't know to this day. For some guys he was a father figure, but it was different for me. Things just didn't work out.

"I don't blame anyone. It was just one of those things in life you have to learn to deal with. Looking back, I'd have to say I learned something from the experience."

The heart of the matter would seem to be that Bryant only had eyes for John David Crow. That he might have somebody better than Crow on hand was a thought he wouldn't consider. Today, Bryant admits he should have put Crow as fullback and Hall at halfback. By asking Hall to do a lot of things he didn't know how to do—such as assume a three-point stance for the first time in his career—Bryant hopelessly confused him.

been kicking Couch Bryant's door in and demanding some kind of explanation, then maybe taken a punch at him. But that wasn't Kenneth's style. He would walk away from the situation before he ever did anything like that.

"I knew it wasn't going to work for him there at A&M and even went so far as to suggest he think about transferring to another school where he could get a chance to be the kind of football player I knew he was. That, or forget football and concentrate on the decathlon. There's no question in my mind that he could have made the Olympic team if he'd worked at it. He was that kind of athlete.

"I'm as great an admirer of Bear Bryant as any man who ever played for him," Dudley insists, "but he made a big mistake with Kenneth. In the first place, he should have never had him playing at fullback. He should have put John David at fullback and Hall as the halfback. That would have solved the defensive problem. In Bryant's scheme of things, the fullback automatically played line-backer, while the halfbacks played in the secondary. And John David could have done a good job at line-backer. But Bryant had his rules.

"It was a tragedy, really. Kenneth was such a gifted athlete. I saw him run a 9.9 100 in a pair of football shoes one afternoon. The problem was that he wasn't the kind of aggressive football player Bryant liked. Kenneth was never one who liked to hit someone for the sheer pleasure of hitting him. He realized it was a physical game, but I don't think he ever enjoyed that part of it."

But Pardee says, "You sure need to keep a player like Ken Hall on the team and not run him off. He was just too good a talent." Bryant agrees on both points. So Hall left A&M forever, a college bust.

What did Hall do?

"After my experience at A&M," says Hall, "I knew it was time to back up and regroup. But when you back up, the important thing is that you don't back up too far." So in 1957, armed with a \$7,000 contract plus \$700 for expenses to get there, Hall skipped what would have

continued



At the same time, Hall probably didn't burn enough in his gut. Halfback Ed Dudley, who was his roommate at A&M, says of his friend, "Kenneth was one of those easygoing kids who was never going to buck the system. Even when he was down and upset, I don't think it ever occurred to him to confront Bryant. If John David or I had had the same kind of problems he had, we'd have probably

points. So Hall left A&M forever, a college bust.

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continued

MOST TOUCHDOWNS SEASON

57	Ken Hall (Sugar Land, Texas)	1953
56	David Oosterhoff (Big Sandy, Texas)	1955
48	Albert Glenn (El Paso, W. Va.)	1952
48	Clayton Wainwright (Pineville, W. Va.)	1958
48	Clayton Bousley (Shenandoah, Ohio)	1964
48	Hansel Wainwright (Wrightsville, Ga.)	1959
39	Richard Bailey (Plover, Conn., Va.)	1961
37	Earl DeLoach (Sandy, Texas)	1958
37	Tim Miller (Colorado Springs)	1973
37	Art Macina (Santa Cruz, Ariz.)	1963

continued

been his senior year at A&M and went to Canada to play for the Edmonton Eskimos. For the season, he rushed 48 times for 376 yards, for an average of 7.8 yards; caught nine passes for 292 more yards; punted 22 times for a 41.2-yard average; and scored four touchdowns, one on a 73-yard punt return. But it was only Canada.

In 1958 the Baltimore Colts drafted Hall in the 14th round. It was the Unitas era, and Hall seemed to have won a spot on the roster until the Giants' Sam Huff crunched him.

"It was a freak thing, really," Hall says. "We were playing an exhibition in Louisville. I was going up the middle on a simple dive play and tripped over the guard. I went to one knee and was trying to get up when Huff hit me on the back of the neck. It bent me over and drove my head between my knees. The sixth vertebra in my neck just collapsed. It was cracked in five places."

That ended the '58 season. "After that, I really never had all my coordination," Hall says. In a three-team trade before the 1959 season, Hall was dealt to Pittsburgh and then on to the old Chicago Cardinals. The Cardinals cut him during the 1960 preseason. Hall moved on to Houston and helped the Oilers win the first AFL title in 1960. He is in the Houston record book twice, for the highest kickoff-return average for a season—31.2 yards—and also the longest return, a 104-yarder against the old New York Titans; the current Oiler media guide says Hall accomplished the latter feat "vs. The N.Y. Times." The one football memento Hall displays is his Oiler championship

ring. After he suffered a broken shoulder in the '61 preseason, Houston dumped him. He did play that season as a flanker for the St. Louis Cardinals (for \$16,000), catching three passes for 38 yards. "Enough is enough," Hall recalls thinking. "I proved I could play."

To himself, at least, Saill, Ken Hall is one of the two greatest tragedies in football: Joe Don Looney is the other. Joe Don was entirely different, an absolutely undisciplined running back who was booted off the Oklahoma team by the normally mild-mannered Wilkinson in 1963, and had an undistinguished and controversial five-year career as a pro. Football people often get misty when

Land star who would jam his hands in his jeans at pep rallies and mumble, "If trying hard will win, we'll win." The other students would go berserk as he'd slouch on off. But he's at ease with himself. Hall makes it a point not to criticize Bryant and, in fact, expresses great admiration for him. Hall's attitude is: "Bryant says I'm his biggest mistake. There's honor in that."

And there's honor in Kenneth Hall. "So much has happened since high school that is so much more important," he says. "Like those two kids up there." He takes a long look at the photo on the living room wall of Chuck, now 24 and working in the city recreation department in San Luis Obispo, Calif., and Mike, 21, attending Cuesta, a junior college in San Luis Obispo. Both were decent high school players at Redwood High School in Larkspur, Calif., near San Francisco, but that was it. Which doesn't bother Ken. He knows, better than anyone, that life isn't fair, but it does go on.

Which is why it was a proper but difficult step for him in 1970 to leave Imperial Sugar in Sugar Land for a better opportunity with another sugar company, McKeary-Finell Company, Inc. in San Francisco. Says Hall of leaving Sugar Land,

"We got in the car, picked Chuck up off the Little League field, and all of us cried all the way to Austin."

Last November he took still another new job with Sweetener Products in Vernon, Calif., a suburb of Los Angeles. On Hall's office wall there is this sign: MAN CANNOT DISCOVER NEW OCEANS UNLESS HE HAS THE COURAGE TO LOSE SIGHT OF THE SHORE.

Reflecting back on it all, Hall says now, "Maybe all this football stuff wasn't supposed to have happened perfectly for me. But there's a lot of positive in any negative situation. Negatives can be a wonderful thing. Really, there are no negatives."

And so you needn't ask, What did Kenneth Hall do?



In Hall's best pro year, he set kickoff-return records with the 1960 AFL Oilers.

they talk of Joe Don as most likely the finest football player ever to put on a suit. He blew it and wandered off to oblivion.

Hall has done just the opposite, moving ahead, doing well and believing deeply that yesterdays are gone. Says Gloria, "We don't talk about regrets."

What did Ken Hall do?

Mostly, Ken Hall is a case study in how you go about playing the cards you're dealt. He is, make no mistake, a happy guy who gets special pleasure in evening walks through San Marino with Gloria. He loves football; he thinks the young players are bigger, faster, stronger, better; he'd love sometime to shake hands with Sims, Walker, Dorsett.

Ken Hall is still quiet, and you can see in him a lot of the 16-year-old Sugar

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PERSPECTIVE

by BEN COOK

A LIVELY NEW SOFTBALL SPEEDS UP THE ACTION BUT SLOWS DOWN THE GAME

Slow-pitch softball is facing a crisis. It has to do not with the game itself, but the ball. At issue are a number of new, lively softballs that have hit the market. They have exotic names like the T-4000, manufactured by Dudley; the Rocket from deBeer; the Hot Dot from Worth; and the TN-Poly by Wilson. The main difference between the new balls and the traditional one is the core. In the old ball the core is cork; in the new balls it's a plastic similar to that used in the cover on a golf ball. The synthetic-center ball leaves the bat much faster and carries farther than the cork-center ball. And therein lie the problems.

The first is extended game time. Because of the ball's jackrabbit jump, more home runs are being hit and more runs are being scored, adding an average of 20 to 30 minutes to games in which the new ball is used. This angers the umpires, who are paid by the game not by the hour, and distresses tournament organizers because their schedules are getting all boltaxed up.

The second problem is the potential for injury. Pitchers, who stand only 46 feet from home plate, are wary of the way the new balls zip off the bat. So are first and third basemen. And for every player, keeping your eye on the ball is now more imperative than ever.

Fred Wampner of the United States Testing Company has analyzed the balls for the Amateur Softball Association, the governing body of the sport. While he admits that the difference in rebound capacity between the traditional softball and the new one is "interesting," he refuses to disclose the actual figures and refers all questions to the ASA executive director, Don Porter. At ASA headquarters in Oklahoma City, Porter says, "The new balls are certainly very lively in comparison to other balls. In the drop test, where balls are dropped from a height of 20 feet and the rebound measured, the cork-cent-

ter balls averaged a rebound of 57 inches, while the synthetic-center balls averaged 63 inches."

As a result, says Doug Bennett, sales manager at Worth, "There are people hitting home runs who wouldn't be under normal circumstances. But that's the reason they're playing. They like to hit home runs. It's a big deal for the people who've never hit one. And for the guy who has only one in his life, that one's going to be more exciting to him than homers are to the guy who hits them by the hundred."

But Porter, an advocate of traditional softball, is disturbed. "Perhaps the balls are too lively for competition," he admits. "Fast-pitch softball is a game dominated by the pitcher. Slow-pitch came along to make the game more fun. It's a game dominated by the hitter. It gives a lot of people something to do that's competitive and still fun. Slow-pitch is a great game and I don't like to see anything done to disrupt it."

Although slow-pitch was designed to be a high-scoring game, traditionalists wonder if the lively-ball version is really softball at all. Richard Pollak is vice-pres-

ident only a lot of these players can do is hit home runs," he says. "They're too big or uncoordinated to play the game the way it is supposed to be played. To have scores like 80 to 42, which we've had, isn't softball. I'll take a good 18-16 or 13-9 game anytime."

Some local organizers have temporarily solved the players-love-it, umpires-hate-it conflict by banning the balls from local tournaments until the ASA makes a final decision.

The question of whether the ball is more dangerous than the standard ball is another, murkier issue. Of the 30 million softball players in the U.S., 82% play slow-pitch. While the use of the lively ball is more prevalent in the South than in other parts of the country, injuries in general are increasing. And one player was killed by a softball this season, Lazaro Garcia, 18, of the Miami Cuban League, died of cardiac arrest when he was hit in the chest by a line drive. The ball used in the game, however, was not one of the new ones. In Birmingham, Ala., a third-base coach was seriously injured when a cork ball hit him in the temple. But the consensus of those at the scene was that he was watching the dugout instead of the ball. He has recovered.

Merle Butler, ASA's national supervisor of umpires, had heard so much talk about players being hurt that he asked the local associations to document individual injuries last March, April and May. He hoped to get data to determine if the new ball really is a hazard, but the results of his survey have been so vague that he's unable to ascertain whether the increase in injuries is substantial, and whether they're the result of any particular ball or bat or an influx of new players. Says Porter, "If you get hit with any ball it's going to hurt. It's not a soft ball. That's a misnomer."

Nevertheless, a Dallas association recently banned the T-4000 because a player suffered facial injuries when one took a bad hop, but didn't ban the Rocket, the Hot Dot, or the TN-Poly, an action the Dudley people consider unfair. "All the new balls are essentially the same in hardness and reaction off the bat," says



ident of sales for deBeer, but he's a softball purist, too, and he doesn't think so. "I don't like it," he says. "I think the lively ball is terrible for the game. It makes it a home-run derby. Frankly, it makes me sick. I don't believe the game was designed so that 65-year-old women would be able to hit homers. And that's just about where we are now."

Ed Andrews, the metropolitan Miami ASA commissioner, agrees. "Now, the

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Marge Miller, assistant to Dudley's executive vice-president, Tom Faimali. "The initial reaction to the ball was fantastic, and it still would be if some local associations hadn't interfered. The reluctance to use the ball is based on misinformation that it's dangerous. I'm sure that when the first solid-core balls came out, the players had to change their reaction time just as they do now."

The ASA has banned the lively balls from national competition but otherwise has left the question of their use up to local officials. Meanwhile the ASA is considering whether to outlaw the balls at the local level. A decision should be forthcoming early next year.

"We're testing to find the standards we want in the balls used in our national tournaments," says Porter. "The Amateur Softball Association is trying to establish criteria with which to measure the resiliency and the rebound of softballs because the Association wants to control the speed of the ball and the distance that it carries. Our primary concerns are safety and maintaining a ball that will stay inside the park. You've got to maintain the sense of competition. When you've got nothing but guys hitting homer after homer, nobody is doing anything except the pitcher and the man trotting around the bases. There are nine other guys out there who want to play, too."

Meanwhile, the manufacturers are caught in the middle. They were certain the balls would be sanctioned, because separately each component has been approved. "The players should get together and tell the associations if they want to use the balls," said one manufacturer. "Who's the game really for—the players or the associations?"

The Sporting Goods Manufacturers Association would, of course, prefer a solution that would satisfy both the players and the organizers of the leagues and tournaments. One suggestion of theirs was to move the park fences back to accommodate the lively balls, but this would be costly, and in most parks there is simply no room.

Until the ASA makes up its mind, manufacturers are holding back on full-scale production, but the players aren't holding back. They're having the time of their lives hitting the long ball and bringing out the home-run trot.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

FLORIDA FOOTBALL

Sir:

Your cover story on Florida's victory over Miami (See Ya Later, Gators, Sept. 13) has won you a permanent spot in the heart of every fightin' Gator across the country. What-ever the Florida-Miami series lacks in tradition and national prominence, it certainly makes up for in intensity and quality football. These two teams, along with Florida State, are proving to the rest of the country what is already known at home: Football in the state of Florida is a force to be reckoned with.

JOHN WEIR
Gainesville, Fla.

Sir:

For years all I've heard is how much better Miami is than Florida. Even this year, my best friend said that the only way Florida could win was if hell froze over. Well, ol' Satan must be getting pretty cold. The final blow for my friend was your excellent article about the game. The camera work on the winning touchdown was superb. However, a picture at the end of the season of Quarterback Wayne Peace holding up a finger indicating Florida is No. 1 would be even better.

STEVE COLBERT
Hendersonville, N.C.

Sir:

Your excellent sequence of pictures clearly showed Florida Fullback James Jones falling on the one-yard line while "scoring" Florida's "winning touchdown." As a Florida State fan, I look forward to seeing the Gators later in the season. Please tell Florida Coach Charley Peil and the SEC game officials that our field is 100-yards long, not 99.

JIM HUNT
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

John Papanek's brilliant recounting of past Miami-Florida battles omitted one historic event—the first time the schools met. It was in Gainesville on Oct. 15, 1938, the date on which big-time Florida finally agreed to play little Miami, a 13-year-old school of 900 students. As a Miami freshman, I had to wear BEAT FLORIDA sandwich boards the week before the game. The Hurricanes spotted the Gators a first-half touchdown and then roared back in the second half as Eddie Dunn, a peerless single-wing tailback if ever there was one, scored three touchdowns for a sweet 19-7 victory.

That Miami team, coached by Jack (Spike) Harding out of Pitt, won seven other games, topping off the season with a 13-7 triumph over Georgia. It would be a shame if Florida eased out of this ancient rivalry, but, to tell

the truth, it would be a very typical, slithery Gator maneuver.

CLAUDE CORRIGAN
Vienna, Va.

Sir:

I'm a Gator fan and, over the past five seasons, I've sat through four-game losing streaks to Florida State, Georgia and Miami. We finally beat Florida State last year, and now with Miami and USC down, I'm confident this is the Year of the Gator.

We don't need Miami on our future schedules. It's tough enough getting fired up for more meaningful rivals, let alone a crybaby program like Miami's. Heck, we don't even consider Miami part of the state.

BOB ADRIAN
Gainesville, Fla.

WEST VIRGINIA'S RETORT

Sir:

In reply to Kevin D. Dunn's letter (19TH HOLE, Sept. 13) crying about Oklahoma's not being ranked in the Top 20: West Virginia 41, Oklahoma 27—in Norman, no less!

TOM BRYANT
Charleston, W. Va.

MACPHAIL ON THE RULES

Sir:

I read your SCORECARD item (Sept. 13) on "the waiving waiver system."

What few people understand is that the main objective of the waiver system is the protection of the player—to prevent his being assigned (other than on option during the first three years of his major league career) to the minor leagues if he has major league ability and his services are desired by any major league team. This is the primary reason for the waiver system.

A secondary purpose is to promote competitive balance among the clubs and to give those that are down in the standings precedence over those that are above them in the acquisition of certain player contracts. The rules still perform this limited function.

In the minds of most people, the waiver rules are supposed to enforce the June 15 trading deadline by preventing the assignment to contending teams of better-than-marginal players after that date. This is not the major function of the waiver rules. They have never completely prevented such player moves, as your editorial points out, and because today's player contracts are so complicated and so costly, the waiver rules are even less effective in this area now. It simply does not make sense for any club that is not in the pennant race to claim an older player with a high salary. If the fans and, as a result, baseball institutionally feel Tommy John-Don

Sutton-type player transfers are undesirable, baseball will have to find some approach specially designed to restrict them.

L.S. MACPHAIL JR.
President
The American League of Professional
Baseball Clubs
New York City

LITTLE LEAGUE SCALE

Sir:

Steve Wulf certainly captured the excitement of the 1982 Little League World Series championship game in his excellent article (A Big Day for a Little Man, Sept. 6). His account was not only informative, but also educational in that it provided a new definition for xenophobia. By definition, xenophobia is a "fear of strangers." We can assure you that Taiwanese players are not strangers in Little League World Series play.

The intense interest in this year's title game was undoubtedly the result of both superior play by the victorious Kirkland, Wash. team and the ending of Taiwan's 31-game Series winning streak by American youngsters. In addition to SL's excellent reporting, coverage of the Series by television, radio and other print media was unparalleled. And President Ronald Reagan and Prime Minister Sun Yun-suan of the Republic of China each wired congratulatory messages to the teams after the championship game. All this compares favorably with public reaction to the outcome of other major sporting events—on a smaller scale, of course.

CREGGINGTON J. HALE
President
Little League Baseball
Williamsport, Pa.

THE EARL

Sir:

As a New York Yankee fan, I've never had a soft spot in my heart for the Baltimore Orioles or Earl Weaver. After reading Steve Wulf's story (Hoping to Bring in One Last Harvest, Sept. 13) about Weaver and the latest Oriole pennant drive, I'm not about to switch my allegiance, but I have increased respect for Weaver as a manager. The talent Weaver has for getting the most out of his players has never been more apparent. Considering the number of millionaire free agents playing for the Yankees, George Steinbrenner should be embarrassed to see his team 14 games behind Baltimore at this stage of the season. I hope the Orioles win the pennant one more time—for Earl's sake. The American League East just won't be the same without him.

DOUG WATZMAN
Upper Darby, Pa.
continued

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19TH HOLE continued

BULL RIDER

Sir:

My cowboy hat is off to E.M. Swift for the excellent article (No Guts, No Glory, Sept. 4) on Don Gay and the great American sport of rodeo. He did a fine job of depicting the pulsating world of the professional rodeo cowboy, and Lane Stewart's excellent photographs show that rodeo is a test of a cowboy's skill and stamina and, at times, a fight for his life. I'll be looking forward to your next article on the cowboy, a symbol of America once near extinction but now thriving as rodeo.

TODD C. MCCARTNEY
Rodeo Cowboy
Maumee, Ohio

Sir:

Your story on bull-rider Don Gay makes a valiant attempt to glorify one of the most inhumane "sports" around. You give only one short paragraph's attention to the cattle prod and dismiss it as "just a means to get them to move through the gates." And although two pictures accompanying the story show the rope that is cinched around the animal to make it buck, no mention is made of the rope.

"I love the bulls," says Gay, who goes on to say, "I'm not physically capable of abusing a bull unless I use a .44 Magnum. . . . You could hit one with a lead pipe and it wouldn't feel it." I think Gay is confused. Score has nothing to do with ability to experience pain.

Hooray for Charlie Brown, the bull that gave Gay a dose of his own medicine!

KATHLEEN O'MALLEY
Rolling Meadows, Ill.

FLYTRIP

Sir:

I had just returned from my annual pilgrimage to Yellowstone National Park and was browsing through my accumulated issues of SI when, to my utter joy, I spotted Robert H. Boyle's article on Jack Gartside (No Fly-by-Night Cabbie, Sept. 13). My brother, Buzz, and I met Jack in the park in 1975. After we invited him to our camp for spaghetti and poker—luckily, we didn't have much to lose—he began to share his bountiful fly-fishing knowledge. The next afternoon, Gartside gave me a few flies and we began fishing. Although nervous, I somehow hooked and landed a 17-inch brown trout on Gartside's Fly Fly. I was never prouder as I carefully released the fish, my biggest ever at the time.

JEFF HOWARD
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Who says there are no more American heroes? Jack Gartside!

DAVID H. THORNTON
Dallas

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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An engine that's built to do a truck-size job of hauling or towing. With the traditional diesel features of rugged construction and efficiency of operation. See the mileage estimates for GMC 2-wheel-drive, diesel trucks and the projected estimates for the 4-wheel-drive Jimmy below. Diesel power is also available in 4-wheel-drive pickup and Suburban models. See the full line of full-size diesel trucks at your GMC truck dealer. And, wherever you go, buckle up for safety.

2-wheel-drive diesel pickup	EST HWY.	31	EPA EST MPG	21
2-wheel-drive diesel Suburban	EST HWY.	30	EPA EST MPG	20
G2500 diesel van	EST HWY.	30	EPA EST MPG	20
4-wheel-drive diesel Jimmy	EST HWY*	27	EPA EST MPG*	19

Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Estimates lower in California. Some GMC trucks are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your GMC truck dealer for details. *GMC projections of 1983. EPA mileage estimates. See your dealer for actual EPA estimates.



GMC

TRUCKS ARE WHAT WE'RE ALL ABOUT.



King size: 4 mg "tar", 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1989

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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True. In the ultra low tar universe,
True outshines them all.